

MAY 1925



SENIOR NUMBER
The OPTIMIST



ELECTRIC
Heaters
Toasters
Irons
Percolators

Wiring Supplies of All Kinds
The Best Makes Only

For Everthing
ELECTRICAL
Go To
New Jersey's
Oldest and Largest
Electrical House

Newark Electrical Supply Co.

223 MARKET STREET
NEWARK, N. J.
Phone Market 9240



C. Kent.

SL
F15.

THE OPTIMIST

MAY, NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

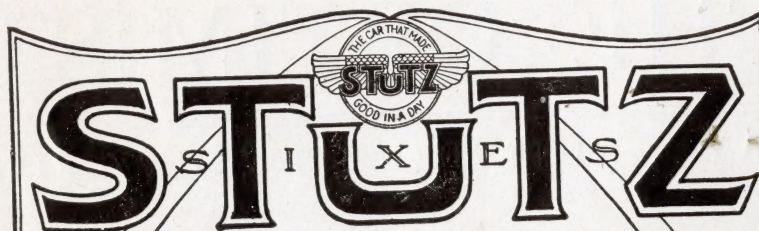
The happiness of men consists in life.
And life is labor.

—*Tolstoi*

South Side High School
Newark, New Jersey



THE OPTIMIST



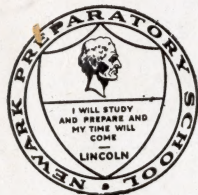
Quality Is Just as Apparent in the
Owners as in the Cars

Stutz Motor Car Co. of America, Inc.

Newark Branch, 1010 BROAD STREET

DEALERS—Stutz Montclair Co.; Palace Garage, Jersey
City; Stutz Paterson Co.; A. R. Bredin, Hackensack;
John Hoagland, Bound Brook

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. of AMERICA Inc., INDIANAPOLIS



**New Students
Admitted Now**

High School in Two Years

College Preparatory, Secretarial Training. There is no back work to be made up. NOW is as good a time as any other to begin your course because your progress is individual.

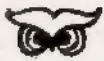
Applications Are Now Accepted for the 25th Term

FULL DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS

NEWARK PREPARATORY SCHOOL

1030 BROAD ST., at LINCOLN PARK,

NEWARK, N. J.



New Jersey Law School Newark, N. J.



Law School Building

A standard three-year course leading to the degree of LL. B. open to Graduates of South Side High School.

For Catalog, Address

The Secretary
NEW JERSEY LAW SCHOOL
Newark, N. J.

The College of Engineering of The Newark Technical School

A local institution of college grade giving regular 4-year professional engineering courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemical, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering.

The certificate of a first-class 4-year high school or equivalent work is required for entrance.

The College of Engineering offers to the young men of Newark and vicinity an opportunity to get a sound technical education at home at a reasonable cost.

A certain number of scholarships are available to young men of promise who have not the necessary funds.

Inquiries should be directed to the Registrar.

THE NEWARK TECHNICAL SCHOOL

367 High Street, Newark, N. J.
Phone Mulberry 162

The Leading—Largest—Best

DRAKE COLLEGE

Business and Secretarial
Colleges and Schools

Day and Evening School All Year.

Twenty-one Successful Schools

Every Graduate Placed in a Good Position

Our Motto: The best there is in Business and Secretarial Training.

Shortest Possible Time. Reasonable Rates

Call, phone or write your nearest

DRAKE COLLEGE

Executive Offices: 155 Market St.,
Newark, N. J.



THE OPTIMIST



TYPEWRITERS RENTED

SPECIAL RATES
TO
STUDENTS



FREE DELIVERY
PROMPT SERVICE
BEST MACHINES

AUTHORIZED DEALERS

REMINGTON PORTABLE

American Writing Machine Company

34 CLINTON ST.
449 CENTRAL AVE.

MULBERRY 6224
BRANCH BROOK 5400

The Fourteenth Ward Building and Loan Association OF THE CITY OF NEWARK, N. J.

Assets Over \$7,600,000

Organized in December, 1885, as an old-fashioned Serial Association, and has always maintained the compulsory monthly payment feature.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SAVINGS PLAN
Profits Averaging 7%, Compounded
NEW SERIES NOW OPEN

OFFICERS

FREDERICK W. PAUL, President
CYRUS D. AXTELL, Treasurer

HENRY C. HINES, Vice-President
FRANK N. UTTER, Secretary

DIRECTORS

Reginald T. Blauvelt
Carl L. Jacobsen
Henry B. Rogers
J. William Hatt
Francis I. Peckham

John B. Wright
George A. Allsopp
Andrew MacKechnie, Jr.
George S. Pollard
Frank N. Utter

Office Open Each Business Day 9 Until 5.
222 CLINTON AVENUE

Saturdays Until 12 Noon.
NEWARK, N. J.

THE OPTIMIST

SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

DR. THOMAS F. KENNEDY, *Principal*

Published monthly, except July, August and September, by representatives of the student body. Single copies, 20c. Special numbers, 25c. Senior number, 25c. Subscriptions for the year, \$1.90 by mail; \$1.75 delivered in the school.

All members and friends of the school are invited to contribute to the school paper. Articles must be in the hands of the Editor at least two weeks before publication.

Entered as second-class matter at the Newark Post Office, December 21, 1913.

VOLUME XII.

NUMBER 8

SENIOR OPTIMIST BOARD

Editor-in-Chief-----PEARL F. FINKELSTEIN

Business Manager-----JACK BELFER

Assistant-----SYLVIA RUTKIN

ROSA BARTENOW
JACK BELFER
MARTIN BROSS
ISIDORE COHEN
GORDON DAVIDSON
EDWARD DIAMOND
HELGA FEDDERSEN
SYLVIA GOODMAN
MARCUS HARRIS

AUSTIN HENRY
EDWARD HUBERMAN
MARTHA ISGOR
DANIEL KLEIN
ANITA KRUEGER
BARNEY LIPLAND
HAROLD MAKOWSKY
JOSEPH MARZEL
MORRIS MILSTEIN
JAMES OZIAS

ALEXANDER ROBBINS
GRACE SCHULTZ
ANNA SILIDKER
MILDRED STEIN
SYLVIA STRAUSS
STANLEY TURKUS
DANIEL WARDELL
AARON WARNER
KENNETH WYCKOFF

Staff

Editor-in-Chief-----RUTH KRAUSS

Associate Editor-----GERTRUDE CARMODY

Faculty Adviser-----DR. CHARLES R. AUSTIN

Circulation Manager

ANITA KRUEGER

Business Manager

HERBERT BUECHER

Assistant Circulation Manager

HAROLD SOKOBIN

Assistant Business Manager

BENJAMIN LYNE

Publicity—MORRIS MILSTEIN, *Chairman*, EDWARD DIAMOND

Faculty Adviser—DR. THOMAS K. SMITH

Literature

AUSTIN W. HENRY,
Chairman

MARTIN G. BROSS
ISIDORE COHEN
HELGA FEDDERSEN
HARRIET L. GEISER
DOROTHY SCHNEIDER
EDMOND TAYLOR

Art

ROBERT JONAS, *Chairman*
DOROTHY BERGER
LEO BURSTEIN
HAZEL KARPELES
ABE KLEINWAKS
SIDNEY MITTLER
J. LEWIS ORNSTEIN
DOUGLAS SCHEMBS
RAYMOND SWAIN
MISS CAROLINE A. SHELDON

School News

JACK FELDMANN, *Chairman*
LOTTA EMMERGLICK
ALICE FINGER
RUTH FLEISCHER
FLORENCE LEVY
GABRIEL RICH
JEAN ROSEWATER

Head-Writers

JOSEPH MARZEL
FRANK ROSENTHAL
Alumni Notes and Exchanges
SYLVIA S. STRAUSS, *Chair.*
DAVID GELTZELER
BERNARD LIPLAND
WILLIAM TRAGER
EDNA ZAUBER
MR. JOHN S. BURLEY

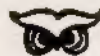
Assistants—ANNA SILIDKER
BETTY LINCOLN

Personals

MARCUS M. HARRIS,
Chairman
BEATRICE BAZATA
FELIX DISTLER
SIDNEY G. GOLDBERG
EDWARD HUBERMAN
HELEN NUFFORT
GERTRUDE UBELHOER
DOROTHY ZAPEIKA

Athletics

ALFRED MARGOLIS,
Chairman
JACK BELFER
LEE LEFF
HARRY LOWE
HOWARD NEWMARK
JACOB B. TURK
MR. ALANSON G. ALDEN



Have You Learned One of Life's Great Lessons - THRIFT?

In the happy period of school days little thought is given to the future. The hopeful days of youth with their blue and cloudless sky are free from care and worry. Graduation should find you taking the long look ahead — to the time when you will assume your share of responsibility.

Save for the days to come through endowment insurance. It is sure, safe and reliable. You cannot start too soon. Younger ages reap the benefit of lower premiums making it possible for you to carry a substantial amount for a comparatively small premium.

Endowments payable at 60 and 65 and other ages are rapidly growing in popularity and form a means for systematic thrift. Let The Prudential Service Man sit down with you and help you to look at your future in a way which you will understand. He will be glad to show you how you can become independent when you reach the age when comforts are most needed.



The Prudential Insurance Company of America

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*

Home Office: Newark, New Jersey

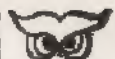
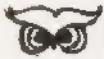
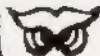


Table of Contents

Counsel to Seniors, by <i>Grace Schultz</i>	9
The Bohemian, by <i>Austin Henry</i>	9
Commencement Night, by <i>Sidney Goldberg</i>	13
Metamorphoses, by <i>Martin Bross</i>	13
Imagination, by <i>Helga Feddersen</i>	15
The Greater of the Two, by <i>Pearl Finkelstein</i>	16
An Old Deserted Mill, by <i>Helga Feddersen</i>	20
Napoleon of Finance, by <i>Kenneth Wyckoff</i>	22
Hal Sat Serial, by <i>Martin Bross</i>	24
Editorial, by <i>Pearl Finkelstein</i>	27
South Siders Leave Parting Messages.....	28
Back to the Old Country, Class Prophecy, by <i>Martin Bross and Marcus Harris</i>	30
About Bennie Foura, by <i>A. Henry</i>	34
Class Picture	36
Senior Directory	37
School News	63
Class Officers	64
Senior Optimist Board.....	68
Senior Calendar	69
Thoughts Fifty Years from Hence, by <i>A. Henry</i>	72
As Told By a Senior, by <i>Grace Schultz</i>	72
Athletics	73
Our Farewell to South Side, by <i>Grace Schultz</i>	75
Mystic Pen	77
Senior Slams	78
Personals	83



Have You Ever Thought of the Money-Making Power of Compound Interest?

Think of it now. It is a wonderful thing—a thing that you can command, a willing, uncomplaining power that will work for you day and night and make your money grow. Without any effort on your part it will add more and more to your money. And the more it adds the faster it will work to earn still more for you. It operates like magic.

Suppose, for instance, that you start an account in the Savings Department of this, the largest institution of its kind in the entire State. In one year \$100 will earn \$4.04; \$1,000 will earn \$40.40. The second year \$1,000, and the first year's interest, will earn \$82.42, making the total \$1,082.42, and the third year that amount will be credited with \$43.72, making the balance \$1,126.14. In five years your \$1,000 and the interest will amount to \$1,218.94.

That is the magic and the wonder of compound interest. It makes it possible for you to make the money that you worked for work for you. The more money you deposit, the more interest you will get and the more that interest will earn. In this way and in time your money will be doubled and in even less time it will double again.

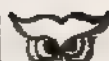
Our Savings Department

Pays Compound Interest

Fidelity Union Trust Company

BROAD STREET—Between Bank and Academy Sts.

Start Your Account Now



LITERARY

Gusta Theodor

Editors

AUSTIN W. HENRY, *Chairman*

MARTIN G. BROSS
ISIDORE Y. COHEN
HELGA FEDDERSEN

HARRIET L. GEISER
DOROTHY SCHNEIDER
EDMOND TAYLOR

COUNSEL TO SENIORS

By GRACE J. SCHULTZ

(Apologies to R. Herrick)

Gather ye knowledge while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
Ye Seniors that smile so gaily today,
Tomorrow may be crying.
The awful dread of life—exams,
The nearer they're a-getting,
The sooner will their race be run,
And nearer we're to fretting.
That time is best which is the first
When brains and profs are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.
Then be not idle, but use your time
And while ye may, go study:
For having lost but once your chance
No one would e'er forgive ye.

THE BOHEMIAN

By AUSTIN W. HENRY

It only took Francis a few moments to eat his lunch. Then, when he had finished, he turned back to his work. It was a perfect day and he was taking advantage of it. There was no one in sight either up or down the beach. A faint breeze blew in from the sea, just enough of a breeze to change a torrid day into a fairly comfortable one. The sand dunes which rose gradually behind him shut off further view inland. The ocean was calm—only slight ripples disturbed the deep, blue surface. The rhythmic lapping of the waves was the only sound.

It was the sort of day that Francis loved. He whistled gayly as he turned back to his work. He placed the canvas gently on the easel and regarded the picture earnestly. It was nearly fin-

ished and he was proud of it. Never before had he transferred the lucid light so faithfully onto canvas. So well had he executed the distant horizon that where the sky and sea met and blended together, it appeared to be so natural that it even held him in amazement. For once he was almost satisfied with his work.

"Hello!"

He had not thought that there was any one around him and he was startled by so sudden an exclamation. A girl had suddenly appeared in view and she was regarding him from the top of the sand dune. She had no hat on, and her hair seemed to quiver slightly as the faint breezes blew thru it. Her arms were bare and deeply tanned, as also was her face, a sudden contrast



to her pearly teeth

Francis offered her his hand but she ignored it and sprang lightly to the beach. "I'm no old woman," she cried.

"I didn't expect to see you again this afternoon," he said, picking up his palette and brushes. "I thought you were going sailing."



I Didn't Expect to See You Again

"I was—but I ran away," she answered, tossing her head defiantly. It was a habit which greatly amused him.

"That's not a very nice thing to do," he said laughing, "but you're welcomed here anyway."

She looked at his picture admiringly. "Honestly, Francis, I don't think you've done anything better than this."

"I'm not ashamed to say myself that I think it's pretty good."

"Of course," she said softly, "it's not as good as—as our picture."

Francis was touching up a spot of gray on the beach, a detail which took great care. But he stopped when she said this. "Dorothy, you don't know how good it makes me feel to hear you say that. Then you really care—"

She sat down on the beach behind him so that the easel might shade her and also that she might watch him as he worked. "Of course I care about it," she said

"I suppose you saw it. I put it on exhibition in the window this morning."

"Yes, I saw it. That's why I left. The rest haven't seen it yet; but—say—wait 'till they do!" she said laughing. "Why, I'd give anything to be there when mother and Howard see it. They haven't the least idea about it; and when they read 'Miss Dorothy Hallow, by Francis Stepp'—why—mother will be furious, and Howard—he'll

be insane!"

"Well, I don't know as I blame Howard. If my fiancée should spend all her time with some one I didn't know anything about, I'd be angry, too."

"He doesn't know where I go," she said; "but he's told me that he is tired of being left alone all day. He told me, last night, that it was outrageous, and at the end of our wedding, too."

"The eve?"

"That's what he says. But, of course, it takes two to make a bargain. When I feel like marrying him, I will; and the way I feel now, it will be an awful long wait for him."

"He's very serious about it, tho, isn't he? That is, more than you are?"

"He seems to be. I try to be serious; but when I think of it—I can't be. He wants the kind of a wife who'll sit in a rocker all day and knit—knit—knit."

"Then how can you be happy?"

Dorothy did not answer, but looked out over the sea with searching eyes. "I'm looking for a boat to take me away," she said wistfully.

Francis stopped his painting. "Are you really serious? You really want to be taken away?"

"I think I do," she replied. "Now suppose that you should take me away—of course—just suppose—"

He started suddenly as tho he had been awakened from a deep sleep. "I'd rather not suppose that, Dorothy," he said

"Don't be foolish, Francis, I'm just saying—"

"But don't say it—it might be serious."

She looked surprised. "Serious—what do you mean?"

"You know, Dorothy, that I care for you quite a lot."

"Foolish! of course I do. And I wouldn't be walking a mile every day in the hot sun if I didn't care for you."

"That's just what I mean. I have no right to be with you like this alone. Nor have I any right to talk with you like this. You have promised yourself to another"

"Bosh! I don't always keep my promises."

"Well, I repeat, I don't want to talk about it."

"But I do"

"Well, then, I'll have to retire until you feel different about it."

He evidently meant it, for he laid down his brushes and palette and started to walk away.

But Dorothy stopped him. "If any one retires, I will," she cried, and with one leap she was over the sand dune and away.

It took all that was in him to keep from calling



her back and telling her how he loved her. His afternoon was spoiled. He gathered together his things and went away.

Dorothy went right to her room in the hotel. She wanted to be alone. She had felt for several days that a crisis was coming. She had even done all that she could to hasten it. But now that it had come and gone she was disappointed. It wasn't the way she had hoped it would be. She had imagined that he would take her in his arms and tell her how much he loved her. Then secretly they would go some place to be married. Now she doubted whether she would ever see him again.

It was not quite six when her mother and Howard returned. She had expected a sudden outburst and was not disappointed.

They threw open the door and seemed to throw themselves upon her.

Howard spoke first. "So that's where you've been spending all your days—with some freak Bohemian."

Dorothy tried to look indifferent and puzzled. "Why—what do you mean?"

"What do we mean! Why haven't we seen that hideous picture of you?"

"And you hadn't even told us," her mother cried.

"Oh, the picture. That? Oh yes, I meant to tell you about it," she lied.

"You meant—why, I say—that's enough to call our engagement off?"

"Not really!"

Howard was a big, blustering chap. His face was a livid red and he gasped for breath.

"I don't see anything wrong about it," Dorothy said, innocently. She turned her back on Howard and addressed her mother. "I know you'll like him when you see him."

"Me? I don't intend to see him. It's just one of your childish infatuations."

Slowly the color surged into Dorothy's face. "Infatuations indeed! Well, I care a lot more for him than I do for you." She turned her wrath on Howard who was so surprised that he could not find words to say anything. "Consider our engagement broken." She threw the ring on the bed and rushed out of the room.

Howard gazed at the door where she had left with mouth wide open. Then he turned to Mrs. Hallow for sympathy, but he did not get any. She was seated on the bed and was watching him calmly.

"Just as I suspected," she cried. "It's all your fault. If you had treated her decently, it wouldn't

have happened. Don't come whimpering around me—you brought it on yourself."

She picked up the ring and handed it to him. "Here, take this and follow her. She's going to see him now, I suppose. Catch her and bring her back."

Howard realized that it would not be such an easy thing to do, but he said nothing, and ran down the steps.

When Dorothy reached Francis' cottage she was tired and warm. Glancing back, she saw Howard three blocks away and progressing with evident fatigue. She sprang on the low porch and opened the screen door. The fact that it was open was no sign that Francis was home. The door was always unlocked. She whistled and then called, but received no answer. Disappointed, she threw herself in a large armchair and decided to await his return.

The cottage consisted of three small rooms, one of which he used as a studio. The walls were covered with paintings; a few were his own. Dorothy regarded everything with interest. The silence was suddenly interrupted by the sound of heavy footsteps on the porch. Howard entered. At first he did not look at her, he was evidently more interested in the room itself. Dorothy watched him with undisguised contempt. Then his eyes met hers.

"Is this where you have been sneaking off the last few weeks?"



Is This Where You've Been Sneaking Off

"I don't know as you have any right to question me," she replied; but then evidently thought better of it and added "No; we met on the beach—the outer beach."

"Your mother says that you're to come back with me."



"When I return I'll go alone."

"Dorothy, be sensible. Who is this man? Do you know anything about him?"

Dorothy did not answer. Howard took her silence as a reply. "Of course you don't. You have no right to throw me down for some one you've known for only a few days."

"Suppose that before you begin to lie about him, you find something definite to base your lies upon!" she cried.

He was walking about, looking at the books and pictures, when he uttered an exclamation. "Hello! What's this?"

Underneath one of the books on the table he picked up a picture. It was a photograph of a woman seated on a large arm chair, while resting against her knee was a boy of about four years of age. He turned the picture over, and on the back, written in a firm, bold hand, was this:

"Dearest Francis:

A surprise! All your pleadings for my picture has finally taken effect on me. Aren't you coming home soon? The house is lonesome without you, Francis dear. See how our boy has grown. He cries every night for his father. Come back!

Helen."

Howard watched her intently as she read this. When she had finished, she went back to her chair and hid her face in her hands.

He went to her and gently took one of her hands in his and said: "Did you say that we are going back to Boston tomorrow?"

"Y-yes," she sobbed. "We're going back to-night."

He put his arm around her and lead her to the door. "And did you say that we're to be married in a few days?" he asked softly.

"Anything you say, Howard."

The wedding day finally came a week later.

They were to be married quietly in the chapel by the Bishop. Only her mother and sister were to be there. Dorothy was not happy.

A knock came at her door, and her mother and sister entered. Dorothy was standing before the mirror. She looked small in her tailored suit. She was putting on her hat.

"Dorothy, you aren't happy?" her mother asked.

"No—mother."

"Don't you love Howard?"

"I don't think I do—"

"Dorothy, what a time to say this!"

"I thought I did until now."

"And the car is at the door."

"Oh—of course I'll go thru with it. I do think

I care for Howard a little bit. After we're married I'll be happy. Only now—I feel so uncertain."

Her sister put her arm around her waist and whispered: "Is it—still Francis?"

Dorothy nodded. "Please, Sarah, my eyes are red enough now."

"Dorothy, I'm going to call the whole thing off. I can't let you do this," her mother exclaimed.

"Don't you dare, Mother! Everything will straighten out. Let's go."

As they went down the stairs, Dorothy could not help saying to herself: "The saddest day in my life instead of the happiest."

At the chapel they were greeted by the Bishop. He led them into the room without saying a word. Then he turned to Dorothy who was deathly white. He spoke: "I am very sorry that the bridegroom will be unable to attend," he declared. "He has just sent word."

Dorothy looked at him blankly. "What do you mean?"

The Bishop handed her a note which she quickly tore open and recognized Howard's writing. It was very short and read:

"Dearest Dorothy:

I have been rightly informed by another that I am not your choice for a husband. The one who told me I greatly respect. In an hour, our wedding should take place; but when you read this, I shall be many miles away. My one wish is that you be made happy.

Howard."

When Dorothy had finished reading this, she took the glass of water which the Bishop had thoughtfully gotten for her.

"Please don't faint," he said, while his merry eyes twinkled more than ever.

"I can't believe it—I can't," she cried. "Who made him think—?"

"I did!"

And Francis entered the room.

"My son," smiled Bishop Stepp, while Mrs. Hallow cried: "The Bohemian!—Your son?"

Dorothy regarded him blankly. "I can't believe—" she began again.

"Yes you can," said Francis. "Howard's the best sport that ever lived."

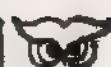
"But that picture on your table?" Dorothy asked.

Francis could not answer, for his father spoke. "That, Dorothy, was my daughter Helen. She and Francis live here with me. Her husband died several months ago. Francis is greatly at-

(Continued on Page 105)



THE OPTIMIST



COMMENCEMENT NIGHT

By SIDNEY G. GOLDBERG

As you're sitting on the platform
In cap and gown you're clad,
A solemn look upon your face
You seem as if you're sad.
You gaze upon the throng so dense—
All seem to look at you—
And then you feel so shaky
You wish that you were thru.
But then there comes a speaker
With manuscript in hand,
And tho you hear the words he says,
You do not understand.
At last he's thru and leaves the stage.
The applause is very great,
And you wonder if your nervousness
Is caused by what you ate,
But harken, what is that you hear,
Soft strains from angels' harps?
But no, it is our orchestra
All full of flats and sharps.
And as you list, your thoughts go back
And you suppress a sigh,
No more you'll hear this orchestra
As you have in days gone by.
The music stops, and even you
Applaud in ecstasy.
And then I bet that you will wish
You were again a one bee.
The deepest silence then holds sway,
But now you feel quite strong,
You cast your eyes with confidence
Upon the silent throng.
The man who is so much beloved
By students far and wide
Has now begun to speak his praise
Of you, so full of pride.

And when your merits have been disclosed
To parents and to friends,
Again they say the future of
Our land, on you depends.
At last you hear the signal note,
You stand upon your feet,
And then you march with head erect
To music soft and sweet.
It seems you're walking on thin air,
Your eyes stare straight ahead,
All your strength has disappeared
Your heart is full of dread.
You're sure you're going to fall or trip
Or you'll make some mistake,
And as you march with measured step
Your knees begin to shake
Just a few more steps to go,
Just a few steps more,
At last you grasp with shaking hand
The reward you've striven for.
Your head's awirl, you're in a daze,
You don't know what to do,
By instinct you just move ahead
You're glad that you are thru
As soon as you've stepped off the stage
You seek with pride and joy
Your parents who have seen you thru,
Whose love none can destroy.
In fond embrace, with pounding heart
You kiss your parents dear,
And I am sure if I should look
I'd see a trickling tear.
And so thus ends four years of strife,
Four years of work, of play,
Those years you'll cherish in your heart
Forever and a day.

METAMORPHOSES

By MARTIN G. BROSS

A room, dark but for a beam of sunlight which entered at a small, dust-covered window. A room?—rather a garret, for did not the ceiling, made of rafters and beams, slope down on two sides? A musty atmosphere prevailed. Numerous spiders, spinning their webs, propelled themselves from beam to beam. The floor was bare except for a covering of dust.

The door flings open and a human being, hardly worthy of that name, hobbles in. He is dressed entirely in black. His frock is worn and thread-bare, his trousers are baggy—much too large for him. His shoes just about cling to his feet. His

tousled, black hair hangs over his brow and his ebon-hued moustache is far too long.

He moves to a table covered with tubes, jars, glasses, powders and minerals of various colors. He rolls up his sleeves and begins to work. For several hours he mixes and remixes, unites and separates the minerals and powders, when, suddenly he ploughs his hand thru his tangled locks, and gives voice to a triumphant shout. Then he looks more carefully at the result of his toils and falls back a step, supremely disappointed. Disheartened he walks to his little window and looks out at the crooked streets of Marseilles,



THE OPTIMIST



now empty in the coming twilight. Sighing heavily, he mutters: "Another month gone," and he crosses out the last number on his calendar, under September, 1432.

He was but an alchemist, trying to make gold out of copper.

* * * *

A bright and wondrously lighted room, perfect in the eyes of a chemist; luxuriously equipped and furnished with the best in adaptable chairs, long tables, sinks, lighting equipment, shelves and cupboards for chemicals, and so on. The room was free of every speck—pure in its unsoiled whiteness, while there was not an insect or any form of bacteria in the place, except those encased in jars for experimental purposes.

In one corner of the room a trim, gray haired man bent engrossedly over a series of tubes and paraphernalia. He was dressed in speckless white.

A knock sounded on the door.

"Come," authorized the single occupant of the room. The door opened and a small man in a high silk hat walked in.

"What's this I hear about your attempting to change mercury into gold, Professor?" inquired the newcomer

"Please continue, Professor—I know all that. What will be your method?"

"Well," Aegensturm, the Professor, went on, irrespective of the interruption, "by getting one of those electrons off each atom of mercury, I will secure gold—by forcing one electron off each atom of gold, I will have plat—"

"Good God! I know all that. Proceed! Proceed! How will you do the actual changing? How will you force off the extra electrons?"

Aegensturm straightened up to his full height. "That," he remarked stiffly, "I do not care to relate. I have agreed to give you first call on the patent. I am certain that I have the right idea now. It is sure to succeed. You know the Purdue Chemical Company is aware that there is momentous business between us, so may I ask you to supply guards to surround this place tomorrow afternoon, as your share in the undertaking?"

"I'll see that they're here."—Also stiffly.

An embarrassing pause followed.

Then: "Good day, Professor," and Edmondton left

"Good day."

A dark shadow hurried down the outer hall and fled out thru the door, muttering: "Just as I thought. Tomorrow afternoon, eh?—Well, we'll see."

The next morning came. The guards arrived—one in front of the place—one on each side—one in the rear. The one in the back was sitting upon a soap box, rifle across his knees. Noon arrived. A series of dark clouds scurried across the sun, casting fantastic shadows about the yard. The guard heaved a deep sigh and rubbed his eyes. More clouds passed above. They hastened on as if in an extraordinary hurry. They gamboled about toward the East, then halted suddenly, wheeled, and hustled off hastily toward the South, as if an evil wind was pursuing to destroy them. A faint but distinct rumble sounded in the distance. The guard started perceptibly. Thunder? No—only a blast in the quarries. A flock of wild geese whirled by overhead to the tune of raucous and discordant squawking. The guard looked up. Always in the shape of a "v," with the head of the flock in the van at the point, they whistled on towards the South. Yes, Winter was coming. Winter with its frost, snow, and ice. Winter—and death.

It was now two o'clock. All was in readiness within. Aegensturm, alone in the room, began.

Suddenly the guard in back jumped up! He was sure of it now! Some one was in that alley!

(Continued on Page 90)



No one else must know of it but you.

The Professor started. "Hush," whispered he. "No one else must know of it but you and Mr. Hartley, whom I sent to you as soon as I realized that I was on the right trail. He was here, you know, when I happened upon my new idea."

"Yes, yes," muttered Mr. Edmondton, senior partner of the Edmondton and Hartley chemical firm. "But go on. How will you do it?"

"You know, Mr. Edmondton, that one atom of mercury contains 80 negative electrons; one atom of gold, 79 electrons; one of platinum, 78; and one of iridium, 77. Now if—"



IMAGINATION

DELIA PEDDERSEN

I wandered long a dusty road
O'er many a weary thornful mile
Upon each side spread meadows wild
And in the distance mountains rose
The road turned to a shady lane
With silver birches drooping o'er
The rocks which stood along the way
Narrowing down to a lonely path
The trail led onward dim and cool
I wandered onward enchanted now
With spiders webs bedecked with dew
And shimmering bright with stolen light
Stolen from the sun's warm glow
Now with some far-distant song—
Warbled from some feathered throat
Natch a sheltering bush extends
A carpet sort of violets sweet





THE OPTIMIST



IMAGINATION

By HELGA FEDDERSEN

(Continued from Preceding Page)

And on the banks of some clear stream
 Drooping ferns and iris grow.
 Narcissus white, rise o'er the rest
 And graceful, lean their perfumed heads,
 O'er the limpid, flowing stream.
 Weary now and seeking rest
 I lay me down upon a rock
 Which overhangs a deep, clear pool.
 I gaze into its cooling depths
 And listen to the bull-frog's croak
 As it lies among the rushes
 Faint and sweet the forest's song
 Comes unto my listening ears—
 The hum of pines and busy bees—
 The song of birds—the cricket's chirp.
 The sun sifts thru the leafy trees,
 Casting on the soft green grass,
 Dancing shadows, queer—grotesque
 The green depths of the pool are pierced
 By glowing shafts of gold sunlight.
 Minnows gaily frisk about
 Or tense, remain in the strange glow.
 I dropt a pebble in the pool
 And watched the lazy ripples roil,
 And dimly saw in frightened swarms
 The little minnows swim away;
 I watched the downy clouds go by
 And dreamt that on them I was borne
 To foreign lands and mystic seas,

Where ships with riches laden sail
 And plow the foaming azure waves
 With keels of shining gold and gems—
 Where flow'rs in wild profusion grow
 In colors never seen before
 And rivers sparkle 'neath the clouds
 Reflecting back the sky's clear blue.
 Grey mists rise above the pool;
 The sighing breeze brings evening on
 And draws the perfume from the flowers.
 An incense rises from the ground
 And dims my thoughts with balmy sleep.
 In dreams I seem in black chaos
 And venture thru the lands of sleep,
 Till rosy dawn seeps thru the trees
 And fans my cheeks with dewy zephyrs.
 All nature seems to spring to life
 The leaves gleam soft with myriad colors.
 Sweet vapors rise in morning prayer—
 The forest sings with new-born life
 But I must up and off to toil
 And trudge along life's weary way.
 But always happiness I find
 Within the regions of my mind
 And pleasures sweet will always come
 To me, in quiet meditation,
 Upon vague regions 'bove the sky
 Or nature's dreamy mysteries—
 In the rosy shades of imagination.

THE GREATER OF THE TWO

By PEARL FINKELSTEIN

The rain-swept sides of the bleak old house
 groaned aloud to the dark wilds all about. There
 was but one lighted window in all the dreary
 expanse of greyed and aged shingles. Even the
 howling winds paused to peep in at the quiet,
 comfortable room before they rushed on, more
 blustering and biting than ever.

A girl was seated—no—sunken in a deep-
 cushioned chair by the fire. At the cluttered
 table a man whose hair was silvery white and
 whose eyes were icily blue, was writing feverishly,
 and sometimes a glint of his enthusiasm escaped,
 as if by accident, and then his eyes were sur-
 prizingly young.

The girl's voice, husky and sweet, startled the
 writer. His eyes froze instantly and he glanced
 up irritably, a bored frown disfiguring the high
 forehead.

"I'm leaving tomorrow, Dad, and please don't
 try to stop me. I'm dead tired of this—this—
 morgue. Sally will take care of you until I come
 back."

The little bomb burst with full effect. The
 scholar dropped his pen heedlessly, his jaw fell,
 the blue eyes had unfrozen and were full of help-
 less amazement.

"Inez!"

His voice was a hushed, almost awed whisper.

She spoke again, relaxed and quite at ease,
 without a sign of the strain and effort it must
 have cost to fire this small explosion. Her voice
 was steady and noncommittal, as if she spoke
 some trifling word or two without consequence.

"Inez, my dear, I realize it's very lonely here
 for you, but we'll be wealthy when I finish my
 great work—we'll stay in New York, dear little



THE OPTIMIST



girl, -any place you say—"

His pleading voice died away; he was waiting for her answer



"What of it, Dads dear? If I stay here much longer I shall go mad, and then, what good will New York do? Or wealth?"

The alarm in his eyes grew. They softened.

"Dear little thing, all right. I'll suffer if you go, but promise me you'll come back—in four weeks. I know you need it, Inez. I see now. But I can't help feeling you won't come back. Inez, what could I ever do without you? I could never finish my work alone. And remember you have promised yourself to me until I finish this"—he fingered the manuscript on the table—"and tho I didn't ask the promise, sweet, you must remember—honor comes first."

No, not a selfish man—a fine man who placed honor above all and who kept his daughter confined in the old place to help him in the research work which should make him wealthy.

"Before love, Dads?"

"Yes, before love, chick. And do you want me to walk over to Charlie's and ask him to drive you down to the station?"

"I suppose so."

The sweet, low voice had just a little tinge of fear, a suggestion of trembling. Her father glanced oddly at her, but she was examining her long firm hands and missed the puzzled inquiry in his eyes. Inez stretched out her sturdy legs with feigned indifference. She dared not meet the blue eyes. The ice in them seemed to chill the atmosphere of the room. Her father strode across the room to her chair.

"Inez, you're afraid of Charlie—afraid of Charlie Harmon! Little coward!"—the ice had

crept into his voice now and his lips were curled in contempt.

"Yes, I am afraid of him. That's why I want to get away. I'm afraid of Charlie and tired of you."

With one swift motion, a symbol of youth - impulsive, quick, heedless, she was out of the room and up the broad stairs. Her father shrugged his shoulders and resumed his writing. Inez fled to her room in a passion of anger. Her first rebellion had brought no remorse. Her father's contempt killed that. But she was angry—angry that he should have understood so clearly her real reason for flight. Charlie Harmon—she made a defiant gesture of hatred toward the direction where his drills raised their stark frames on the stony mountain side. Her bags were packed. She could find nothing to do but write a letter to Sue with whom she intended to stay in New York. The letter finished, she wrapped herself in a poncho and went out to mail it. For the first time in her life she left the house without a word to her father.

The long drive was overgrown with weeds and the mud was several inches thick. Inez trudged on with her head in the air and her hands in her pockets. Were it not for her hair one might have supposed her a boy. The long, swinging stride and the unhampered grace of her young body were not markedly feminine, nor was the proud, almost savagely defiant carriage of her head a feminine trait. There was nothing soft and yielding in her nature—she was quite complete in herself—no pettiness entered her simple sincerity. A quiet childhood, spent among her several widowed aunts, had achieved in Inez a virginal simplicity, and four years with a father who loved quiet had not developed any sophistication in her. Letters from Sue, a school acquaintance, had loosed the demon Discontent on the fertile ground of her imagination.

Inez walked on toward the crossroads forming plans as to what her holiday should be. So absorbed was she that the sudden advent of a delapidated Ford left her no presence of mind.

The driver, a young Kentuckian of perhaps twenty, jumped out with an oath.

"Why can't you look where you're goin', ya poor fool!"

He kicked the inert form which lay face downward in the mud. The battered cap, falling off, loosed a cloud of red-brown hair, a sudden glory which illumined the ugly road.

Inez opened her eyes, gazing directly into a pair of brown eyes whose depths were black with terror. Charlie was sobbing now and Inez



THE OPTIMIST



felt the arm which supported her, tremble. He was kneeling in the mud and gazing helplessly at the startled girl.

"My heavens"—his voice was thick with tears—"I thought you were Buck Carl. I kicked you. Inez—can you ever—"

The pressure of his lips on hers killed immediately any fear she had had. She relaxed in his embrace, sank closer till she could feel the firm body beneath the rough shirt. Suddenly he held her off at arm's length. He looked searchingly into her eyes and saw nothing of what was there.

"Say," he whispered, awestruck. "I never knew it could be like this."

How long they knelt together in the road Inez did not realize until a growing pain in her shoulder made her suddenly sink in a damp heap. Charlie lifted her tenderly into the Ford, wrapped her in his old mackinaw, and drove her home. At the foot of the drive Inez climbed out, disentangled the coat from her arms and legs, and with a burning tenderness in her low voice she spoke one word—"Tomorrow."



The next day Sally, the stupid little servant girl, collected the baggage, and dully watched Inez kiss her father in cold, formal farewell and clamber into Charlie's car with wide, frightened eyes. To Inez, the night had been a long contemplation of her first encounter with man. Now the intensity of their love overwhelmed her and, had not her father been on the doorstep to wave her off, she would have fled.

All the way to the station Charlie did not speak, but once or twice his great frame shook as if in some strange ecstasy which he could not

understand. He was hatless but his straight brown hair had been carefully combed in honor of the occasion. His eyes were flecked with tawny gold lights, and his large, rough hands were finely scrubbed. Engineers in the gloomy backwoods of Kentucky seldom had occasion to use city clothes. Charlie wore a clean flannel shirt, roughly cut riding breeches, and leather puttees highly polished.

There was no sun but the rain had stopped, and the bare woods were dank and gloomy, shadows upon shadows making the whole a dark mystery. The rocky road went steadily uphill as the forests grew more sparse and the road more uneven. A sudden bump threw Inez against him in delicious expectancy. Charlie kept his eyes on the road.

At last the little station was reached. Charlie lifted out her battered bags and set them down on the lonely platform. A quick, furtive glance assured him there was no one in sight. He grasped her by the shoulders. His rough fingers caught in the satin of her coat.

"Inez, sweet, forgive me. I couldn't help it yesterday. I can't—"

"I don't care." Her voice was low and tense. She strained toward him. "I love you. I will always, always love you no matter what you do."

"Always?"

"Always, I swear."

"Don't, don't swear, Inez. You are going to New York. You will be different when you come back. Please, don't promise," he ended weakly.

"No matter, dear, whether or not I promise, no one can take your place."

He kissed her. The same crazy shiver of delight ran thru them both. One still moment she lay in his arms. The next she was speeding on her way to New York and Charlie was a mere blur on the horizon.

The journey was to Inez a long, long wait till she should again see Charlie. She wondered what Sue would say if she knew. Sue might be shocked, she concluded, so she decided not to tell her. The hours on the train passed slowly and Inez was relieved to see the bright lights and to hear the noisy hum of a human beehive which meant New York.

The crowded station frightened her. She stood alone in the hurrying throng, and no one glanced at the shabby, beautiful girl who stood firmly in the midst of the crowded concourse. For in New York, shabbiness and beauty are lost in the whirl of more important things. A tall young man entered thru the main door searching the crowd eagerly till his eyes fell on Inez. He stopped short and across the heads of the multi-



tude they gazed quietly into each other's eyes for several long moments. A sharp contrast arose in her mind, a contrast of this meeting and that other. It seemed to Inez that with Charlie their ridiculously young souls had rushed forward in a mad caprice of the moment, reasonless and joyous, immersed in an insane delight in their nearness to each other. This meeting was as different as the two new souls, for Inez had changed in the minutes when Charlie had drowned her in his tempestuous feeling. Here the air between them was charged with electricity and simply, quietly awed at the wonder of it all, they were united in that gaze.

He was Sue's brother. His name was Derek. A statue of purest, undefiled white with the sweet, simple outlines of a child's body could not have been more beautiful than what Inez saw in his eyes.

His voice was charming and his manner still more so. Aside from his eyes, Derek's face was quite ordinary, tho distinctly American. He was altogether charming. A small car awaited them and as they drove off, the wealth of sight, sound, and detail so new to Inez prevented any but the most casual conversation.

Inez received a warm welcome at Sue's home and was straightway adopted into the family cir-



cle. After a week of shopping tours she was quite an urbane figure and quite a quaint one, for the windswept clearness of the Kentucky mountainside had endowed her with a certain indefinable quality of freedom and unrestraint. The gay little whirl of parties and dances was for Inez a new experience but thru it all the pleasant, kind face of Derek dominated. His eyes baffled her now, for that one startling revelation had not opened

a way to as intimate a friendship as Inez would have wished. He was courteous, friendly, and that was all.

At last came the day for Inez departure. Derek would board the train with her to see her settled, Sue told her with a sly little smile. Inez dressed



carefully. Her severely tailored suit was flawless and the small tight hat gave her the correct air of pertness and simplicity. Her farewells were spoken with only a trace of regret altho she knew that back in Kentucky she would treasure every trivial word that had been spoken. Yet she felt curiously eager to be on her way home. She boarded the train with Derek, who, after seeing her comfortably settled, seated himself opposite her in an easy, sprawling attitude.

"Inez, shall we be married at the next station?"

His voice, shaking a very little, betrayed his careless attitude

"No," she answered simply. It could not be said that Inez was in agony as she spoke. She had learned that it is very wearing to be in agony. Her eyes were calm and bright like those of a martyr resigned to persecution.

The train began to move. Inez waved her last goodbys and turned to Derek who was lighting a cigaret

"You see, Derek, I have promised to love another man, and my honor is pledged there. Then again I am promised to my father until he shall finish his books, a matter of five or six years now"

Her voice died away.

"My honor, Derek," in a level voice and she turned away that he might not see the bright

(Continued on Page 103)



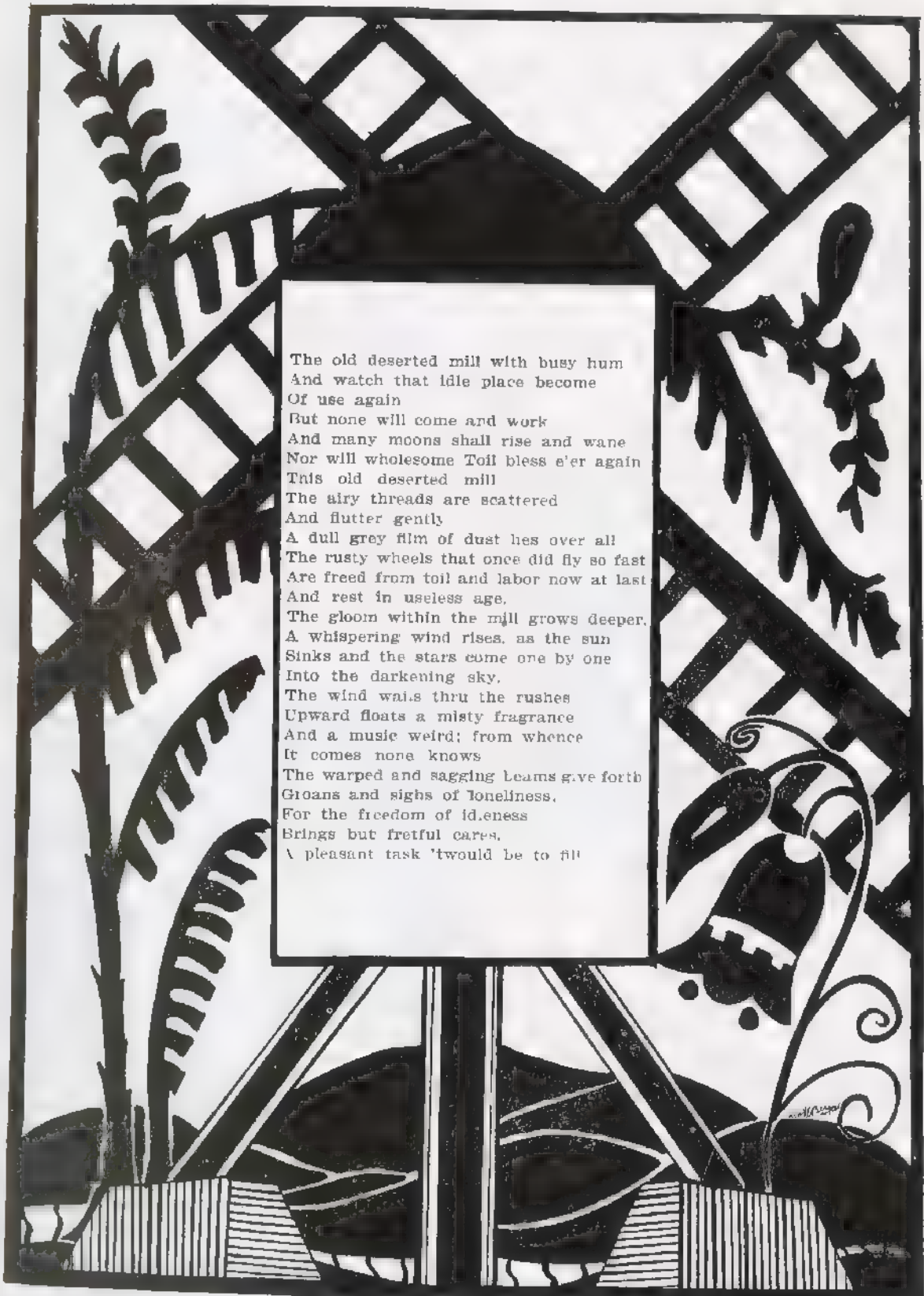
AN OLD DESERTED MILL

By HELGA FEDDERSEN

Black outlined against the sky,
On a graceful, sloping mill,
Stands an old deserted mill
Lonely, sad and grey.
By its side there runs a stream,
Slipping thru the swaying rushes,
'Round the broken wheel it gushes,
Prying, curious, and bold—
'Round the broken wheel that paddled
Busily in years gone by.
Now the waters round it sigh
Pining and sad.
On the banks in unkempt tangle
Grow the weeds and iris wild
And the sheltered violets mild,
Meek and perfumed sweet
To the west a moody forest
Raises high its sombre head—
Its billowing locks—the sun's soft bed—
Fragrant, dim and cool
A musty breeze slips o'er the glade
And murmurs thru the splintered door
And whirls the dust 'round on the floor—
Badly worn with time
Windows're veiled with cobwebs soft
And where the panes are shattered,



THE OPTIMIST



The old deserted mill with busy hum
And watch that idle place become
Of use again
But none will come and work
And many moons shall rise and wane
Nor will wholesome Toil bless e'er again
This old deserted mill
The airy threads are scattered
And flutter gently
A dull grey film of dust lies over all
The rusty wheels that once did fly so fast
Are freed from toil and labor now at last
And rest in useless age.
The gloom within the mill grows deeper.
A whispering wind rises, as the sun
Sinks and the stars come one by one
Into the darkening sky.
The wind wails thru the rushes
Upward floats a misty fragrance
And a music weird; from whence
It comes none knows
The warped and sagging beams give forth
Groans and sighs of loneliness.
For the freedom of idleness
Brings but fretful cares.
A pleasant task 'twould be to fill



THE OPTIMIST



NAPOLEON OF FINANCE

By KENNETH WYCKOFF

"You can't do it, Ted, you know you can't."

"I tell you that any man with five hundred dollars, and half a brain can turn them into five thousand smackers," retorted Ted, "so why worry about getting along in life?"

"I have a thousand that says you can't do it," chimed in Jimmy. Ted bent his squat, round head and thought a moment. One could almost see the wheels turn.

"That's a go," he finally replied. "I'll start to-morrow."

"Wait a minute, everything's got to be legal and above board, you know."

"Oh! of course. Do you think I'm a highway robber?"

The three chums, college seniors, who had just graduated, were sitting in the frat room of the Beta Phi Gammas and had been discussing their future prospects, when this conversation took place. The two lanky seniors now began to question the short, squat one whom they addressed as Ted, as to how he purposed to get his five thousand greenbacks, but he had shut up like a clam.

"I'll be back in two months with the money and tell you how I got it," he finally replied.

The next morning, when the sun was peeking in at the windows and blushing at the result, a dumpy figure with T. G. printed on the bag he carried, mounted the Twentieth Century Limited and went straight to the smoker. Ted had bid a hasty adieu to his parents, and had not given an inkling of his plans to his father, because he knew that his father would not approve of them.

Ted sat and thought his plans over. He could see no fault in them, he was bound to succeed. But had he chosen the right place to work? He thought he had. He only had to watch his step.

* * * *

Two days later Pete Hunt's hotel in the southern part of Salt Lake City was visited by a chubby little man with a powerful air, who just seemed to radiate good-will and confidence. He would require Pete Hunt's best suite of rooms for a few days, said he, and for this purpose handed Pete a brand new fifty dollar bill as an advance payment.

As soon as the bell hop had conducted this chubby dignitary to his room, Pete made a dive for the register and saw the name, Theodore Grump, written in a flourishing hand.

Who could this man be? What could he want here? The following evening Pete saw his lodger

drive past in what looked like a second hand 1914 model Ford, with its crank sticking out like a tail and its headlights winking maliciously. A few hours later, the poor old Ford came chocking up to the door with its chocolate colored top covered with alkali dust, so that it had the appearance of having grown gray hairs in that short time.

Pete would not spy on his lodger. That would be against his conscience as an innkeeper, but since he was washing the front windows he couldn't help seeing Ted enter. He was curious but his instinct of curiosity was one of the chief factors of his intelligence and therefore pardonable. So Pete saw his guest carry in a box of white sand which he carefully guarded as if to keep it from every one's sight. Every day after that, he saw Ted go out with prospector's implements. Pete's insatiable curiosity was now being pricked and teased so that he couldn't stand it any longer; and finally he decided to ask Mr. Grump.

"I suppose you're a tourist, Mr. Grump, come to see Salt Lake?" Pete began cautiously.

"Why no, I'm no tourist, but yet, I suppose I am."



Mr. Grump seemed suddenly to remember himself.

"I don't suppose you're one of these here husbands, goin' to Reno to get a divorce?"

"Oh, no," laughed the genial Mr. Grump.

"Then, I know what you are, you're a prospector." Pete nodded his head knowingly.



"Why, Pete! How did you ever guess it?" surprise and consternation blotted the smile from Ted's face. "I didn't think any one knew."

"Oh, I knew all right, I guessed your business here," boasted the hotel keeper.

"Well, I might as well tell you the rest then, Pete. Besides, I like you. I knew we were going to be friends as soon as I saw you." Friendship just oozed out of the little body. "You see it's this way. I discovered, lately, that there's a tract of land in South Utah that is especially valuable. It's in the northern part of Skull Valley, along the Onagum Mountains, a part of the Great Desert, you know. Well I discovered that about fifty square miles of this land is covered with a rare kind of earth called monozite sand that they make gas mantles out of. These last few days I've been making sure that I wasn't mistaken. And man, I have it! I have it! I bought the land for three hundred dollars and I'll make a million out of it." The merry round face was flushed with success. "So I leave for the East to-morrow. I'm going to start a company there."

Pete's face was a study in disappointment. "Why not start your company here?" he asked.

"No, I couldn't do that. I could sell the stock more easily in the East."

"But we have money here, we'll buy the stock." After further arguing, Mr. Grump reluctantly consented, but begged Pete not to tell his friends about it, since he wished to sell some of the stock in the East.

So the "Grump Mantle Company" was duly incorporated under the laws of Utah with twenty thousand shares at five dollars a share. Ted Grump, of course, being president, kept ten thousand shares for himself, while the others were put up for sale.

Pete soon notified his friends of the wonderful opportunity within their grasp.

"Why boys," he said to Bill, Mike and Joe, whom he met in the back room of Pat O'Gorgan's saloon, "It's our chance to make a fortune." So the ten thousand shares were soon sold to Pete and his friends, even tho Mr. Grump did not want to sell them.

Shortly after the company had been started, a chemist, by the name of Honeysucker, a stranger, came to Salt Lake City and visited Mike Calucci, Pete's friend.

"You own some stock in a Mantle Company, Mike, that I'd like to buy," began the chemist. "Er-r- how much do you want for it?"

"How mucha you gimme for dem?" demanded Mike.

"Oh—twenty dollars a share." At this Mike

saw all of his dreams come true, but he didn't wish to sell his own stock,—he might get more for it. Maybe he could buy some of Mr. Grump's stock. Surely enough when applied to, the easy-going Ted was very willing to oblige his friend Mike.

Meanwhile the chemist applied to Bill and Joe and many others of Pete's friends, so that they all went to the president to buy his stock. The strange thing was that the chemist for whom the stockholders bought the shares, never returned with his fabulous offers. Little did they guess that the chemist was one of Ted's college chums who had consented to help him out.

As soon as Ted had sold all of his shares, he boarded the train and started home with the "alias Mr. Honeysucker." The joy of the two chums knew no bounds. Ted laughed and laughed over the poor fools who asked to be robbed, "like sheep going to the slaughter house," as he put it.



"You certainly did pull it off neat, Ted," said his admiring companion, "Why, you're like a Napoleon of finance."

"Well, I didn't do it bad, but then it was so easy. They'll do everything you tell them not to do."

When Ted arrived at the station, his father was not there to meet him as usual. At home his father gave him a serious frown instead of his habitual smile.

"You may think you've done a very clever deal by this trick, Ted, but you'll never get any good out of it. How often have I told you that to rob people legally is as bad as robbing them at the point of a gun? No, you'll never get any good from it."

(Continued on Page 103)



IN THE COILS OF THE ORIENT

In the Lair of the Yellow Dragon

(The Third "Hal Sat" Story)

By MARTIN G. BROSS

Hundreds—thousands—aye, millions of tiny needle-points glistened in the weird light of Chinese lamps. It was the dreadful "Rack of Racks"—the awful carrying-out of ideas from the wicked brain of the Messenger of Death. Cries arose in the room without. Pleadings, beggings, violent entreaties arose, but all probably to no avail as guttural curses followed immediately. Then slashes, as of a whip. And finally a pitiable whining, lasting for several minutes, and constantly accompanied by the tune of the whirling whip, sounded forth.

At last the door opened and a half-insensible yellow man was dragged in by two burly guards of the same race. He was crying steadily now, but remained obdurate to all the urgings of the two guards. And then—an awe-inspiring shadow was cast over the threshold—a shadow that seemed to carry the essence of evil in its very depths—a shadow that seemed to be cast by a dragon, or something similar in shape—a shadow, crouching, as if ready to spring.

The Yellow Dragon stepped into view. He wore a large coat that protruded in the back to give the effect of a tail. He was furthermore adorned by heavy, black shoes and socks and a large, blue hat of a curious shape, ornamented by the image of a yellow dragon. Beneath this hat lurked a countenance, as fully as evil as that of Hal Sat himself, but far more sinister. His eyes were small and of queer construction, while above his mouth curled a gigantic black moustache which flowed back to his hat.

"Does he confess?" queried this malignant genie in the Chinese language. He indicated the prisoner.

"No," replied the guards.

"The rack for him then," was the sole reply, and the monster withdrew, followed by his noisome shadow.

The poor fellow, already mightily weakened was thrust upon the bed of needles and bound to it. At last he swooned, but the pain was so terrific that he recovered consciousness and cried out: "I tell! I tell! Oh, my! Oh, my! You kill me!"

The guards, with faces perfectly immobile, loosened the wretch, and carried him into the presence of the Yellow Dragon, where he was dropped upon the floor.

"Hal Sat send you?" murmured the one of the blue hat.

"Of course." (Very weakly.)

"He send many others."

A pause.

"And all others die," shouted the dragon with emphasis.

A groan.

"Yes, all others die. But I've given you many chances of freedom by just answering one thing for me."

"Hal Sat would kill me"

"Well, if you'd rather have me kill you than Hal Sat—"

"Oh, no! O! O! This is terrible! I'll tell all!"

"You eighth one Hal Sat send?"

"Yes."

"But he send another right after you."

"Yes."

"And now I will ask what I have asked you so often already—that, which but answered truthfully, would purchase your freedom."

Another pause

Then the Yellow Dragon leaned forward and spoke gently:

"There is great mystery about this one. I know he is even now very near me. Who is he?"

"He is no Chinaman, O mighty one. As far as I know he is an American detective—one of the detestable whites. He entered upon an agreement with Hal Sat, but by sly manipulating of it he managed to get thy enemy into prison. As you know, Hal Sat escaped—and is now right in this very city."

"Hal—Sat—is—in—New—York!!"

"I tell you all truth, O famous dragon, for I value freedom highly now. Hal Sat is stationed not five blocks away from here!"

The Dragon looked about him fearfully.

The man, gradually regaining strength, continued: "I know not the exact location of his abode, as I have reported to him but once since he was here, and on that occasion I was driven in an auto, securely blindfolded, while visiting and leaving my master."

"Your master!" And the former lieutenant of Sat stamped his foot upon the floor.

Now the other tried to arise and went on, speaking hoarsely: "And, my good gentleman,



the detective of whom I spoke is even nearer to you than thy far famed antagonist! He is primarily after you. Later will he seek Hal Sat!"

The Dragon gasped. "What!" he uttered in an amazed tone

"It is even as I said, O seeker of riches!"

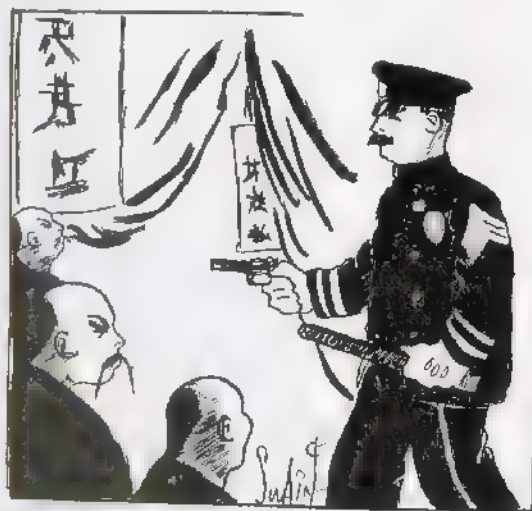
The Yellow Dragon arose and paced back and forth anxiously.

"Do I earn my liberty?" whined the one on the floor.

The other whirled about and screamed at him: "Liberty!—Liberty!! This is what you earn!" And the brute rushed at the defenseless fellow and kicked him viciously until he again lost consciousness. The guards were called in again and they once more revived the hapless one—by brutal means—and bound him to the rack again. Later he was thrown into a noxious pit.

* * * *

Orville Brill, native of New York, and internationally known as the greatest sleuth of his time crept silently along the dark hall. He was in a notorious place in the midst of New York's populous Chinatown. A door opened and Brill flattened himself against the wall. The door was reclosed.



Hands Up There

Five minutes later Orville was peeping into a room, laden with suffocating fumes. Brill gasped with a great realization. Opium was being smoked there! The detective, having learned of the nature of such places thru former raids, looked about cautiously. Men were lying all about on ill-kept cots. All were in a stupor and the room was quiet except for the mumblings of the beastly creatures. Brill smiled to himself. According to his reckoning, he was now very near indeed to the rooms used by the Yellow Dragon.

It was an exceedingly extensive building, and Brill had by now traversed a large part of it. He had found it to be a series of dens, crooks' nests, and dope parlors, but he had scarcely bothered with them constantly keeping his attention upon the larger business in hand—that of cornering and capturing the Yellow Dragon. Orville had come alone, and was now extremely sorry for doing so, especially because he felt practically certain that the rooms of Hal Sat's erstwhile accomplice were very, very near to him now.

Brill, knowing the Dragon to be in New York, had searched everywhere and gathered all the evidence that he could as to the exact whereabouts of the yellow one. At last the clues pointed pretty surely to the Yellow Dragon's being in this building—possibly right on the other side of that opium den at the entrance to which Brill was now standing. The detective silently pushed the door open and strode lightly across the room.

* * * *

Bang! Bang! Bang! Crash!

Down went another door!

"Hands up, there, you dirty Chink, you!"

Sergeant McPherson broke right thru a fake wall, landing in the midst of a game for high stakes. There was a mad rush, and down went Mac with five Chinese on top of him. Crash! One less yellow jaw in condition! And now there was a mad scramble. A pistol shot!

Three bluecoats broke in, aiding McPherson.

Down in Allee Yoo's laundry establishment(?) there was a free for all: five cops against eleven Chinks. The coppers were brandishing their clubs, while the Chinamen were letting the others have it with laundry, irons, and—bottles of rum.

One policeman came falling down the stairs, bumping into a cabinet at the foot, and carrying that along with him as he went thumping down the next flight.

Four yellow boys came running out of a hole in the wall in great fright. Another enormous fellow, carrying a satchel, came creeping around a corner, only to bump into an officer of the law. The two of them socked each other soundly until the Chink dropped the bag and ran.

And so it was all over the huge place where, a short time ago, Brill had been so near his goal. And in a well-hidden closet that last-named worthy crouched, swearing volubly to himself, and cursing every one—the police force in particular.

The fundamentals of his speech with the swearing omitted consisted mainly of: "Who ever authorized and instituted this raid? Of course the ones in authority didn't know I was in here, but since



they knew I was in the vicinity, why, in heaven's name, didn't they take the trouble to find out exactly where I was, and not mess up things in general with a raid just at the wrong time? I'll stick around till they leave, anyhow. The Dragon might creep out of hiding during the night. I know that fellows like him have to be taken by stealth and strategy and not by an open, blundering raid! They have more secret doors, traps, passageways, and exits than real rooms.

"Oh, Lord, why didn't I tell the authorities of my plans and why didn't I take some one with me? Well, it's too late now!"

And Orville settled down for a long vigil, secure in his secluded closet

* * * *

Hal Sat, the Chinese devil, was in close conference with his black and bloody assistant, the Messenger of Death. The former was once more in a great rage. They spoke in Chinese as follows:

"This is awful!" shrieked the leader. "The accursed Yellow Dragon is playing us to a stand-

our every . . . re! O Messenger of Death, what can be done?"

But Hal Sat gave him no opportunity to answer, going right on with his harangue.

"Oh, Father of Fathers, I thank thee that I am free from jail," he cried. "That devilish Yankee brat used some ingenuity in his construing of our contract. Nevertheless, I must admit he didn't break the contract, and he's still hot after the Yellow Dragon, but Messenger of Death, mark my words, if he ever gets hold of the Dragon, it's lay low for us, as he could find us at once, no doubt, whereas the whole police force and all the other detectives who are on the case will never discover us. That man is a genius.

"And now, O worthy friend and ally, do I come to the main point of my speech. —I am resolved to strangle off my rival at all costs. I am going to lay two routes of attack. The one, my friend, is the one that you, yourself, so often have suggested to me—yes—I will send you. O great one, to kill the fiend! I have already told you about where his quarters are. He will not move far away from them. It is up to you to get rid of him. You will no doubt find him with ease especially when you have all my agents and spies to help you.

"You are exceedingly cunning, but remember that the Yellow Dragon is thy superior by far both in strength and size. Combat not with him in a hand-to-hand struggle.

"The second phase of my double plot is this: Tomorrow night I go myself to the Herzwelter mansion—You know the Herzwelters are almost the richest people in New York. —Well, I'll go there myself. My agents have assured me that the main part of their fortunes is now in their home. I even have spies in their inner household. I will get all, never fear!"

* * * *

The Yellow Dragon sneered down upon the dead and mangled body of the Messenger of Death, and muttered to himself with a Hellish smile: "To-night I go and take possession of the Herzwelter jewels and money and my success and triumph over Hal Sat will be complete!"

And he rubbed his hands in glee.

(To be continued)



Hal Sat Was in Close Conference

still at our game. That rebel!—Now he actually has more submarines than we—and he sinks ours—the profane traitor! Oh, if my agents would but succeed in getting rid of him the world would be better off!

"And now besides he makes two big hauls to

FRIENDS

By AUSTIN W. HENRY

As surely as each week-day lends
A meeting or a kiss,
We cannot always keep our friends
As long as we may wish

We've walked with them upon this soil,
But will our friendships end?

Perhaps they will; in earthly toil
We may not meet again.

A chance "Good-by, I'll see you soon,"
May be in earnest said;
But *shall* we meet before next moon?
God wills it for the best



THE OPTIMIST



Pearl Finkelstein

After our four years at South Side we are ready to go out into the world of men and there to fill the blank page of our existence, clean now except for strongly marked indications of what may follow. All our lives, thus far, we have been sheltered by love of parents, care of teachers and by our very youth. Our deeds have not been wholly our own because of the influence of those about us. The responsibility now rests on us for our actions, and our lives from graduation on will be what we make them. As we enter this new phase of our life it might be well to pause in retrospect and sum up what the last four years have meant to us, what they have done for us.

Our training in high school should have taught us several things which we may value wherever we go, whatever we do. Among these are: a sense of responsibility, the power to force one's self to do things that should be done, a set of values, and a head start in the race for knowledge.

First there is a sense of responsibility. We are young men and young women, and we have gained from our years at South Side a realization of the fact that every act of ours has results which go on and on till we cannot conceive of them. Like a small stone thrown in a calm pool of water, and like the ripples which increase until the whole surface of the pool is disturbed, thus all our small deeds have results which are sometimes too big for us to see. But we know that they exist and therefore we realize that every cog in the great machine must move in perfect unison with the others. And we are all, in a sense, cogs in some great wheel, for no one of us stands alone, every tiny move we make affects others. We are affected by every motion of our companions in this crowded world. Our experiences here have taught us this and we would

do well to remember our individual responsibility.

The power of a strong will is great. The common round, the trivial task of our daily routine of homework, has helped us to strengthen our will-power. Whether or not we have been conscious of it (and most of us have not been), whether or not we have willed it, we have become accustomed to the small tasks we must perform, and we can forego pleasures to do our work, dull and profitless tho it may have seemed at times. Any of us who have succeeded in putting it over by evading our work have only postponed the evil day to a time when it will be harder to learn to force ourselves to do what we must. Thus those have paid too much for the whistle who gave up the opportunity to develop power over themselves for the pleasure they might seek in those stolen hours. It is hoped that few of us have entirely missed the profit of this four years' drill in will power.

A set of values we should have. How can we start our pursuit of the prize if we do not know what we prize? It is not money, power, renown. The lives of great men and women have taught us that love, honor, and contentment are to be sought. Plain living and high thinking are worth more than pomp and fine living with only the slightest of mental activity. The thoughtless pleasure of the hour which will not bear the test of years and which will leave only bitter memories, is too costly. Pomp and circumstances do not constitute life. Happiness may dwell in a cottage and grim misery in a palace. These truths we have learned in the course of our studies.

Last, we have a head start in the race for knowledge—a head start and only that because

(Continued on Page 115)



THE OPTIMIST



SOUTH SIDERS LEAVE PARTING MESSAGES

As Told to Austin W. Henry

The other day, I chanced to hear a fellow student, who was about to graduate, exclaim, "If I could only be a 1B again. What I wouldn't do! Of course, I mean start over again, knowing what I have done these five years here; then I could remedy the mistakes I've made and really be some one."

It was then that the idea occurred to me to ask different seniors what message they could leave to those more fortunate ones (altho they don't know they are) to aid them in four, five and perhaps six years' struggle here before them. Of course, the first one to misunderstand me was

Helga Feddersen: "I do not think that it will be fair to the students of South Side if I should graduate without telling them what Pearly Peroxide will do for them. Using myself as an example, I might say that it gives the hair a clear, pink luster, unobtainable in any other way. Use this marvelous tonic, and you will never need to put anything else on your hair. Of course, should there be."

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but I'm afraid you misunderstand me. I don't care for testimonials. I want your message—"

"Oh, the message?" she said rather disdainfully. "It's this: Study, study, then study some more, as I do"

She continued her way down the corridor and it was some time before I recovered from the shock. The next one I asked was

Martin Bross: "If you have any idiotic idea that you want to write for THE OPTIMIST, first read my stories. Then write something entirely different. You're bound to succeed."

Stanley McIntyre: "Never be class treasurer."

Next I took a look in 108, and who should I see but

Elinore Taylor: "Never cut periods. Here I've only cut the 6th period thirty-seven times and I'm caught already."

In the corner, looking as angelic as his picture (see Senior Directory) sat William Roe-ver: "Message? Oh yes, here's a rather extraordinary verse:

'A miss is as good as a mile, they say,

But is a kiss as good as a smile?"

I'll say it is. Ask Dorothy Murray"

I did not ask the young lady, but immediately phoned for Overbrook.

Sitting right across the aisle was

Sylvia S. Strauss: "Never let on that you understand anything the teacher is saying. Always have a rather natural, dumb-like expression on your face and you'll find that you'll make out better."

I doubted this piece of advice, but rather than argue, I let well enough alone and continued on my weary way.

James Ozias: "You'll find excellent sodas served down on the corner. They are especially tasty between 8 and 12:30. Take my word for it."

Martha Isgor: "Never let the teacher get the best of you. Sass him every chance you get, and you'll find you will land further."

I heartily agreed with the last of the above and wondered whether Miss Isgor was another who spoke from experience.

Down the corridor I heard the thud of feet. Of course, who could it be but

Clinton Parmelee: "A message? (Shouting) I don't know any message—but I can give you a new way of studying. I invented it myself."

"That's fine," I declared. "Just what I want—something original."

"Well, it's this: The first night the home work is assigned, put an hour on each lesson, the next night, fifty-five minutes on each subject, the next night fifty, and so on, decreasing five minutes every night."

"But," I asked, "what do you do when you get down to no time at all?"

"Gee!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I'll be late for the Chess Club. S'long."

I doubted whether any Chess Club met at 10:30 in the morning, but he was gone before I could stop him. Then, too, our conversation seemed to me so vaguely familiar. I was sure I had read it some place before. Then it suddenly came to me that he had once said that "Alice in Wonderland" was his favorite book. The book had probably gone to his head.

Down the hall came

Gordon Davidson: "A man, that is to say, which I hope you will understand, a gentle-



THE OPTIMIST



man, not wishing to reflect on any one, as is often the case—takes off his hat on leaving the building. Of course, by the process of elimination, a process which I hope you will let me add is understood by very few, I will repeat, by the process of elimination, hats should be put on immediately upon entrance. Is that sufficient?"

"Extremely so," I replied. But before he had gone very far, he turned and added this parting message: "You might add that when talking to a teacher, never look him in the eye. Always look sort of aimlessly over the desk until you see the attendance book. Look for your marks, always remembering that a teacher's property is his own. Then return."

But his voice became indistinct as he turned the corner. Coming in the opposite direction was Daniel Wardell. I began to speak, but he interrupted me.

"I know all about it," he said. "Don't take the trouble to explain anything to me. I understand that you want me to tell others how I came to be so well known. My secret formula for success—as I, after much patient research work, have found it out to be?"

"Not your life history," I informed him. "A sentence will do."

"A sentence? Ah. But what will you say if I give my message in one word?"

"It will save space," I answered.

"Well, it's this: Sleep. Sleep in the morning; sleep during your classes; sleep in the afternoon; sleep at night, and you will wake up some day to find yourself a huge success."

He seemed to vanish, and in his place stood Marcus Harris. I rubbed my eyes several times, but there he stood. "Yes, sleep is good; but what I have to say is better."

"And, pray, what have you to say?"

"Beware of girls. They are men's greatest enemies. Never let any girl hoodwink you into thinking that she must be taken to the movies every night. Never stand for such a thing as that. Of course, if she should want to pay all expenses, that's a different matter."

"Marcus! Marcus!" I cried. "Are you sick? Why do you grow so deathly pale?"

"Who says I'm pale?" someone said; and lo! standing before me was Anita Krueger.

"Who says I have red hair?" and even more unusual, there, standing right beside Anita was Pearl Finkelstein.

"I didn't say anything about red hair," I replied, feeling suddenly sick. I was not in the habit, you see, of having people spring up

all around me and then disappear. I call it very impolite. "I'm talking about messages."

"That's odd, so are we," Pearl said, while I plainly saw Anita fade away. "Aren't we, Anita?"

A voice seemed to come from nowhere. "I'll say we are."

"My message," Pearl continued, "is to do something that people can remember you by. Do you want to go to your grave and be forgotten?" She suddenly pointed her finger at me.

"N-n-n-n-n-oooooooo," I replied, shaking so that I could hardly stand up.

Anita then returned and the two joined hands and began to dance, all the while singing this song:

"Then be up and doing,
Bake a cake or eat a pie,
Show the teachers you're no slacker,
Or, forgotten, you will die."

Pearl continued: "If you can't be Editor, then take your pen and write your name on every one's suit or dress. You'll not be forgotten, I'm sure."

This was a piece of advice I could not deny, but again I found myself alone. I was tired and I looked over my note-book, doubting whether I really had any valuable information and deciding that I would ask the question of only one more person. And this was

Anna Silidker: "Really, I don't think I have any message now. I'm not an extemporaneous speaker—but I can find some persons who'll give you some really good messages."

"Please," I begged, "promise me that you will not say anything to a soul about this. I have enough names now."

"Honestly, I won't," she replied. "I swear I won't."

Now Anna, I thought, was a girl who kept her promises; and just to show it, she went in the room. In two seconds I heard a dull roar, and the stampede of a hundred feet. From all sides the entire body of Seniors descended upon me.

"Anna says—Anna says—" they all began to shout. "I have a message—a message."

I began to grow weaker as they all crowded around me. "No. No messages—no messages," I murmured faintly.

As fate would have it, the attendant from Overbrook, whom I had just summoned a few

(Continued on Page 117)



THE OPTIMIST



BACK TO THE OLD COUNTRY

By MARTIN G. BROSS and MARCUS HARRIS

After several years, having prospered exceedingly, we decided to take a trip back home to Monte Carlo and visit our old friend, the prince. To break the bank again was our desire. The following was written after many emotional spasms produced by memories of our eventful adventures.

Straightway we sent post-cards to all the kings, presidents, etc., of Europe, stating that they should reserve rooms (and baths) for us and also proclaim national holidays for the day when we should arrive. Next day we received thirty-seven cablegrams, all announcing that our requests would be fulfilled. We gave the messenger boy, Jack Belfer, a dime and off he rode on his kiddie-kar. Our trip had begun!

Next we packed a trunk (we were warned not to take too much) with two toothbrushes, a deck of cards, and filled the rest with nickels for tips. Then we called up the Five-and-Ten Cent Express Company to come for our belongings. Half an hour later the expressman rang the front door bell. It was Austin Henry! With a grunt, he picked up the trunk in one hand, tossed it onto the truck, and drove off. Needing a little air, we walked down to Jimmie Ozias' Ice Cream Parlor and bought "The Daily Dirt," edited by the famous Duke Salbin.

We immediately looked for the ads, in search of a dependable pants-presser, one who wouldn't run away with the pants, for altho being great horticulturists, bank-breakers and cowboys, we always did take the greatest care of our trousers.

The first ad that struck our eyes read:

"Capable window cleaner seeks a job. Cleans windows by the pound, dozen, or acre. Send them to me.—Jacob Neuss."

Nothing there! We read on:

"Caretaker wants a job, taking care of furnaces. Guarantee to start a fire by poking my head in the furnace door—Frank Rosenthal (Red Top), Box 9 18."

Another one:

"Tutors want positions. Specialties: 1B, 3B and 4A Latin, Elementary Greek, and Sub-Normal Trigonometry. —Levy and Kempler, D.D., Box L-19."

(The D.D. stood for "Dumb Doras.")

But at last we succeeded, viz.:

"Want a job as pants-presser. Guarantee to press them thoroly at night. Will not turn in sleep upon them.—Edward Brooks, Box A."

Without delay we rushed over to the news-

paper office, riding in a taxi driven by Max Schack. We waited at the office and soon in sauntered our man. The Brooks fellow was at once signed up, supremely happy despite his lowly lot. We were happily chatting up there on the sixth floor when suddenly a head popped in at the window—it was Aaron Warner!

"What's up?" we yelled.

"Why, don't you know that this whole place is on fire?" he shouted in his bass voice, and, heroically, he picked us up under each arm, set Brooks atop his shoulders, and raced down the ladder like a—er—well, Darwin may be right at that.

Then we returned home with the valiant valet, to tell our neighbors to come over and empty the ice-box. Among them were Bessie Hoffman and Mollie Halprin. Later we fed the furnace and cleaned out the cat.

Finally, getting the last details from Hetz Markowsky who had been to Paris twenty three times studying(?), we called a Quick-Stop Cab and rode to the Tubes. We purchased our tickets, honoring Louis Lieberman by buying them from his window, and were about to enter the train when we heard a shrill female voice yelling, "Judge, Snappy Stories, Saturday Evening Radiogram—etc." It was Edna Mann! We bought a Judge and got into the train just as the conductor, Rubin Ritz, rang the bell "Vos billets—messieurs!" He hadn't forgotten his French!

We reached New York in due time, but imagine how we felt when we discovered that the boat sailed at 8 o'clock instead of 3! Five hours to waste in New York! Our first thought was—a good show. We'd heard a lot about Diamond's Dazzling Revue so we bought two tickets at the booth from—why, Marie Kotler, and were ushered to our seats by Martha Isgor.

The first act was a peach. Charles Berlinrut and Lena Kievsky did a tango à la Valentino (as they said in '25). Next came Grace Schultz and she out Gildad Gilda Gray. The final act was the star act. Dorothy Murray gave her famous Hebrew impersonation.

By that time it was quite late, so, snatching a bite to eat at Klein's Kwicklunch Kownter, we started for the dock. There we met Aronowitz and Adler, two sailors on shore-leave. "Hello boys!" Turning around we saw Henry Sevrin, Custom's Officer, inspecting trunks—to be exact, Anna Silidker's. He came upon a suit-case in which she was trying to smuggle her pet mock-



THE OPTIMIST



turtles. Returning Sevrin's greeting we smiled at Anna, but she very snobbishly would not notice us. Heads in air we marched up the gangplank, but on reaching the top, both of us stumbled and flopped. Julie Mayers, seeing us coming, had thrown a suit-case in our path. He was also going to Europe—as one of the crew.

We were off! Back to the old country for us! We turned from the railing and almost bumped into Harry Solomon. He was a steward, but every one else on the ship seemed to be stew-èd, unless they were sea sick already.

As we steamed past the Statue of Liberty a maniacal looking fellow rushed by, pushing people left and right out of his way. He had a camera in his hand, and snapped a picture of the famous statue. At our surprized glances a tourist, Eleanor Taylor by name, exclaimed:

"Why, don't you know who that is? He's Sidney Shapiro, leader of the new Liberty Party. He sure loves that statue—claims to have been born there."

In a short time we were out on the high seas, distributing our nickel tips left and right. In fact we almost broke our arms, we were handing out so many. Now a tall fellow in a brown uniform came up and began to speak. "Never mind," we remonstrated and handed him one of our "buffaloes."

"Sirs," said he, drawing himself up to his full height. "I am an army officer!" Of course we apologized to him, and Corporal William Roevers strode away in his stately fashion.

Later on we wanted to smoke but found ourselves to be matchless, i. e., without a match. A little ways down a couple of sailors were swabbing the deck and we sent Brooks to secure a "phosphorus-tip" for us. They turned around on being addressed, and why they were Ben Hymowitz and Krim. What a difference a few years can—and do—make!

The first night we didn't eat any dinner—oh, don't ask why! Instead we played ping pong with a couple of millionaires going to Europe for their health. They gave their names as Weisleder and Lifland.

That night a desperate-looking fellow sneaked into our room. We seized him, threw him under a bunk, stabbed him, gave him poison, and sicked the canary on him. Then we decided to see who it was before we fed him to the sardines, and we turned on a light. Horrible to say (supine in "u"), it was only Baumgarten who had slipped into the wrong room. We hardly believed the fellow, however, and we had Brooks kick him out.

Later that night the boat rocked violently and almost sank. We heard that it had been caused by the throwing overboard of Max Ginsberg and Greenstein who had lost their tickets.

The days were dark now, mostly because of the thick blanket of airplanes and dirigibles across the sky. They had been built by the different nations in accordance with the disarmament conference's ultimatum. Chief among the speakers at this conference had been His Highness Donofrio, from Russia; Chief Milstein of Morris, Spain; Warshawsky, King of Libya; and Waxman from Abyssinia. From the continual darkening of the sun we gathered that the conference had been a huge success.

One night along about this time our radio operatress, Ernestine Rosenthal, received an S. O. S. call. We proceeded to the latitude and longitude stated, and there we saw—no, not a battleship, not a cruiser, not a passenger ship, not a tramp steamer, no, not even a submarine chaser, but a rowboat! This time those marathon rowers, Gus Sickles and Nate Flusser, having once more almost succeeded in their annual desire—that of crossing the Atlantic in a rowboat—had once more sprung a leak in the Sar-gasso Sea. Better luck next time, fellows!

We were nearing England when a tramp ship hailed us and asked for help, having run out of gas. We recognized the captain. He had realized his life's ambition. Yeh, it was Samuel Ginsberg. Poor Brooks could now hardly restrain himself. He scented the bally tea already, the old hound! The first night after landing, the now famous Liverpool Tea Party took place. But instead of the tea being dumped overboard as in the Boston affair, it was carried away or drunk on the spot; and instead of the perpetrators being masked as Indians, they came in their natural guise—Brooks and a couple of English dock-boys he had picked up, Wardell and Wyckoff. They never were heard of again, but soon a persistent rumor was afoot that they had all drowned in a huge pot of their favorite beverage.

We traveled to Buckingham Palace in the king's taxi, escorted by roller coasters, bicycles, and a swarm of bees. The Prince of Wales, we were told, was bathing in the Thames off the docks and we waited for him to come out. He rolled home in a barrel. No sooner did we see him, tho, than we realized that something was wrong. For the Prince was Stanley Turkus. Just then a war tank ran over the poor fellow and he ran in the back door—without the barrel.

A new line of kings was ruling over there, and Stanley McIntyre, the newest one, met us at



THE OPTIMIST



the door. He was dressed in his usual attire: a pair of riding breeches, an overcoat, no socks nor shoes, and a black crepe around his head. He was in a jovial mood for the cat had just upset and completely shattered his eighteen year-old pipe.

(We must insert here that the names of the Prince and King were really reversed, but you have no doubt already realized this. They came from the newly-installed House of Stanley, their proper names being Turkus Stanley and McIntyre Stanley.)

By the way, Turkus, the Prince, eloped that night with the court dancer, Pearl Finkelstein. They fled to Italy, where, much to our dismay, we were to see more of them.

However, the Queens of Siberia and Jugo Slavia with their retinues of Southeast African slaves, were due to arrive on the 5:15. These Queens, Sara Komel of Jugo-Slavia, and Dorothy Klein of Siberia had been life-long friends, having played piano together from the cradle up. They arrived all right, but without the slaves, and both of them were sore to the core. The Africans had deserted them at the wharves to join in a crap game with the London Police and a couple of Turkish stateswomen, Rose Goldstein and Anna Karl by name.

The King entertained the whole bunch of us in his kitchen that night with his famous female trio: Helen Fleischmann gargling salt water, Minnie Klingel playing on the linoleum, and Helen Miller ringing the door bell. Later Samuel Marantz played the sextet from "Yes, We Have No Bananas," on the sweet potato.

We had a lovely stay in England but we longed for Monte Carlo, and we left for that place as soon as we could. From England we flew to Monte Carlo, but we went so fast that we passed it and arrived in Italy. There, our first thought was to reach Rome and our first thought in Rome was to see the Pope. The butler at the Vatican was very hard to win over, in fact, just as back in 1925 Ali Robbins was a hard guy to get past. Helga Feddersen aided us greatly by smiling at the butler. He immediately fainted away and we gave up trying to see the Pope. Then we called up the King and he told us to come right over. He was waiting for us. Just then the Prime Minister, Leonard Snyder, took the telephone away from the King, told him to shut up, while he spoke to us for several hours. While walking to the palace we met Ella Guttman selling spaghetti. Passing on we met Abe Paley selling bologna and right next to him Mamie Gershkowitz had a cheese stand. We steered clear of

the latter and soon reached the Forum, restored by Sylvia Goodman, designer. There an immense crowd was gathered. In the middle, upon a soap box was Davidson delivering a thundering oration on, "Why Garlic Sandwiches Should be Parked on the Rear Platform Before Entering a Trolley." J. Silverman was at his side, holding a pitcher of water, which he occasionally waved about to attract a crowd. As we did not wish to make the King wait too long, we continued on our way. Our visit of two days contained nothing interesting except when we picnicked out to Pompeii. There was Walter Kastner directing a gang of excavators among whom we recognized two South Siders, Sid Silverman and Selen-friend. We introduced the King to them and he seemed quite pleased to meet such notables. Then we climbed up Vesuvius where we found some one with a mixed up contraption fastened to a huge cork. It was Prof. Clinton Parmalee trying to stop up the volcano. We wished him luck because we all felt he needed it. Then we left the King and proceeded to Venice. We found the place teeming with ex-grads. Again we met Turkus and his wife Pearl, visiting St. Marks. Mannie Kohn was showing them around as he had moved permanently to Venice after Pearl's wedding. The gondolier of a gondola we stepped into was none other than Joe Baletin. In the exciting meeting we dumped the boat and had a wild time in the Grand Canal until a motor life-saving boat came alongside and a brawny arm reached out and rescued us. The face of our rescuer seemed familiar but neither could decide who it was until Baletin said, "Guess you folks don't recognize Gollender since he grew a beard, eh?" Then of course we did! We thanked him again and again but he only replied: "Tha's all right, I fish dogs and cats and such out every day!" That last remark might be taken as a little sarcastic—but! Our next stop was Pisa. There we found Carrol and Isidore Cohen working out the lean of the tower by "trig." We took one look at the figures they were working with, and immediately jumped into the trolley for Genoa. While speeding along we saw two girls keeping pace with us. They arrived at the next station the same time we did and then we perceived they were Americans and then that they were South Siders, Sylvia Rutkin and Hilda Levy practising for the World Champion Fifty-Mile Dash. The following station was in France, where we stopped at Nice. Lucky Harry Solomon had the job of baggage-master and he smilingly greeted us as we got off the trolley. We stopped at the South Side Hotel, Jo Marzel,



Proprietor. We certainly struck it fine there, one bell-hop especially, Weisman, was always at our service. Bernstein, our newsman, always brought the papers at exactly 8:15, and Mildred Warner, the waitress at our table, brought us the choicest eats. We sure hated to leave Nice, but we had to go on to Monte Carlo, the real objective of our trip.

As we got off the train there, the Prince, who had come to meet us, was star-gazing, so we stepped on his face to make him realize we had arrived. He showed us to his tandem bicycle upon which we seated ourselves. (The Prince sat on the rear-light.) He wanted to show us the new sewer system so we dropped into the nearest manhole, tandem and all. Proceeding a short distance we heard a voice swearing. On approaching nearer we saw it was Raubach, who was yelling, "The dam broke!" Suddenly the water came surging along and swept us into the sea. But the Prince was an exceptional swimmer and he swam back to shore with both of us in one hand. At the dock we were fished out of the water by Geller, who was unloading pairs of dice from a ship. We jumped into the same truck with the driver (who by the way was Sidney Alpern) and soon found our way to the Banking House, with nary a cent (if anyone finds our trunk while swimming, please return it), but under escort of the Prince we got in. And oh, what luck! We shot crap with Bopp, the multi-millionaire. Half an hour later, he had to borrow money to get home. That night we played until morning. Then two porters, Hyman Broder and Sam Cohen, raked the money into one room where we picked out the million-dollar bills, packed them into a trunk and distributed the change to the brokest ones so they wouldn't kick the bucket. The Prince himself seemed a little peeved because we cleaned him out, so we gave him a little to make a fresh start. Then we went to the palace where we met Sylvia Strauss, the Queen of Spain, and Leo Danzis, the King, and Irvin Falk, the noted manufacturer of five dollar Aeroflvs. The next night we heard a terrible racket! The Prince and his Gang and all the Monte Carloyans were shrieking, "Who busted our bank? Who busted our bank?" We were trapped! (By Gosh!) Quickly we dressed, grabbed our trunk, and climbed up to the ground. (The Prince had parked us in the cellar. We don't see yet how he trusted us, as all his wine was around us, in fact, wine barrels were what we slept on!) Under cover of darkness (we made sure to take the cover) we fled! Suddenly we bunked ker plunk into Statman. Lucky for

us he was a South Sider or we might still be in Monte! We rushed up to the ticket booth and bought a ticket from the ticket agent, Zlotnick, who listened at the same time to a telegraph ticker. But he was so confused he gave us the wrong tickets which we didn't notice 'til we got on the train. We were going to Switzerland on the Stein and Stephany R. R. instead of to Paris. Nevertheless we were satisfied just then to get into *any* train!

After leaving Monte Carlo we arrived first at Lake Lucerne. There we met Max Levine and his wife, Mary Pickford's daughter; they were wintering there. He took us for a cruise in his yacht, Room 208. When we left him we went to St. Moritz to see Krosky that famous ski-jumper. Mildred Stein and Rosa Bartenow were giving an exhibit in tricky ice-skating on a perpendicular glacier. Wishnevsky was there, too. He had hit upon the clever idea of importing ice to Egypt and was doing a red-hot business (half the ice on the Jung-Frau was gone). Grodman was industrious, too. He was selling ice cream cones as a souvenir of the Alps. (We bought some but they wilted in Paris.) The following Monday we climbed an Alp. Oh, it was a swell Alp! At the top was an American with an airship, selling rides. The aviatrix was Mary Kein. Because we were South Siders she asked us to take a free ride with her, saying she would take us wherever we wanted to go. Immediately, we sent Rosenbaum, our guide, for our trunk which we strapped on the propeller. Waving farewell to Cheesy Switzerland we flew off. But not for long!

It seems the trunk was too heavy and we crashed headlong into a soft field of cotton in Southern Holland. The owner of the field came rushing out with a gun and was about to shoot when he saw who it was. "Yay South Side," he yelled as he jumped up and down in glee! It was Morris Van Tosh. Then we swam up the Van Damerdam Canal to New Auslicht where we had tea with the main burgher, Sam Sedlik. Suddenly, on all the canals within sight, a huge tidal wave seemed to approach. All the places within five miles were closed up, water-tight. "What is it?" we asked in consternation. "Oh," answered the burgher, "it's only Eddie Huberman gassing again. You know seven-eighths of the windmill owners in Holland hire him to blow around their mills, and that's what's blowing up the water so. He was a great hot-air guy back in America, I have heard." "Thank God, we'll soon be out of this country," we dualoquized. When the worst of the flood was over we put on our ice skates, sat on the tail end of a huge wave and rode out to



THE OPTIMIST



the dams at Rotterdam. (We really hate some of these names over there, they sound so much like swearing.) At this place we visited the famous tulip ranches. On all sides were women galloping about on fierce ponies, and rounding-up the vicious and stampeding tulips. You'd never suspect those gentle flowers that you see in the U. S. A. to be related to these ravaging things over there. In their number (the ranchers, not the tulips) we discerned Miriam Friedman, Gertrude Walsh, and Lilian Sobel. A special event was given in our honor—a dog-and-cart race on the Dammer Dike. Six teams raced and one was a 1925 er. The race was a pip! Three racers fell into the Cider Sea and the wheels came off the cart of another and a fifth accidentally raced in the wrong direction. The sixth racer, Fred Strubbe, came in first and was acclaimed the winner. (The judge was a Sunny Sider, Charles Bressler, maybe that's why he won.) Suddenly the dike sprang a leak. Holland was doomed!! August Stoll rushed up and thrust his head into the hole and stopped the flow. Then, afterward he couldn't get it out. The Hollandais prepared to burst the dike to get him out so we rushed into an American Toy Factory owned by Ben Goldstein, bought two pogo-sticks, and grabbing up our trunk, we raced across Belgium and over part of France on the sticks, never stopping 'til we reached the center of Paris. That *—!!?xx place lived up to its reputation. We were greeted at once by a band of Apaches, four in number. It made us sorry for we noticed that two of them were Helen Sladek and Ruth Reinhardt, but we

did our duty, for we deposited the trunk upon the ground, picked them up and dropped them gently in the Seine (and ever after that they were insane.) From there we went to Paul Poirer's Shoppe. Schwartz, the doorman, let us in, whence we passed into an ante-chamber. Isabelle Apfelbaum parted a pair of curtains for us and we walked into the Shoppe proper. Helen Roeber and Frances Klein, tho still using the name Poirer, were the proprietresses. Then began the famous parade of the mannequins. Anita Krueger was a model of the "stylish stout" variety. Next appeared Peggy Aronson in a very chic—hat and coat. Ida Frank was the third imported model, but just as she made her appearance we noticed it was time to beat it to the Folies Bergères for which we had seats on the footlights. Eleanor Lawrence was the star and she sure did kick a mean foot. When we were ready to go we noticed that Beatrice Haas and her husband were sitting right in back of us. They had first row orchestra seats. When we got back to the hotel we found a letter from Evelyn Van Houten saying she was enjoying missionary work in the South Sea Islands.

Then we came home. Ruth Rosenzweig was on the boat. She had spent ten years learning languages thruout Europe and she talked about it in English all the way home. Oh yes! After we were out two days the captain received a 'phone call from Margaret Wood, saying we had sailed without her. Everybody on deck gave a shrug, turned the boat around and went back and got Margaret! That's all.

ABOUT BENNIE FOUR A

(With Apologies to Leigh Hunt)

By AUSTIN W. HENRY

Naughty Bennie Four A (may his tribe pass away!)

Came home one morning at the break of day,
And thought of his homework, in his room,
All work undone—indeed 'twas his doom.
But seated at his desk was a creature of gold:

Too much good cheer made Bennie very bold,

And to the creature in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The creature raised its head,

And, with a look that made poor Bennie feel quite white,

Cried out—"The names of those who study

every night"

"And is mine one?" asked Bennie; "Nay not so,"

Replied the creature. Bennie spoke more low,

But bolder still; and said, "I promise you
That all my homework each night will I do."

The creature wrote and vanished. The next June

It came again. It seemed as tho the time had passed too soon,

For a paper showed the name of those with flunking blessed

And, lo! Poor Bennie's name led all the rest!



KOMEDY-NEWS

OF A FEW SENIORS

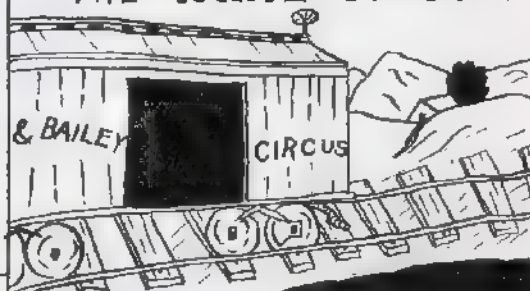
"ALY" ROBBINS
STILL CLAIMS
TO BE THE
CHEF
OF THE
GRIDIRON



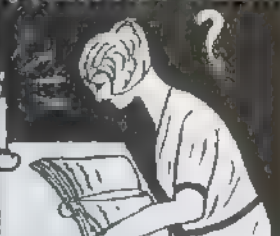
BERNARD LIFLAND
SAYS ITS AN
HONOR TO BE
A STONE BREAKER



GORDON DAVIDSON'S
ONLY HOPE
OF REACHING
THE **WHITE HOUSE**



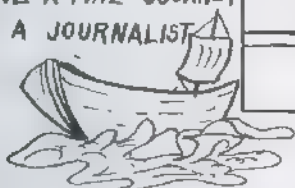
FRANCES KLEIN



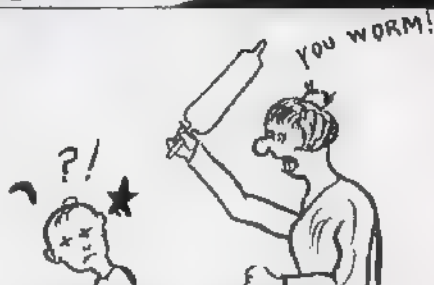
STANLEY TURKIS
GRADUATES WITH
FLYING
COLORS



PEARL FINKELSTEIN
EXPECTS TO
HAVE A FINE JOURNEY
AS A JOURNALIST



"MICKEY" KLINGEL
STILL HAS HER SPEAKING
ABILITIES



APOLGY TO "MICKEY"

WOULD IT BE
NECESSARY FOR
"PEGGIE" WOOD
TO TAKE UP PAINTING



OH! DOCTOR!



DR.
DANZIS
M.D.

LEO DANZIS
EXPECTS TO BE
QUITE IN DEMAND

LEO BURSTEIN



CLASS OF JUNE 1925



JOSEPH MARZEL, *Chairman*

ROSA BARTENOW
SYLVIA GOODMAN

ANITA KREIGER
JAMES OZIAS

Adler, Joseph

89 Stratford Place

*The swallow is not ensnared by men because of its
gentle nature.*

Classical

N. J. Law

Alpern, Sidney

783 South 11 Street

...ain't we got fun?

Classical

Undecided

Apfelbaum, Isabelle

37 Shanley Avenue

Let me be blessed for the peace I make.

General

Business College





THE OPTIMIST



Aronowitz, Benjamin

23 Seymour Avenue

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

Classical

N. Y. U.



Aronson, Marguerite R.

86 Clinton Avenue

The king himself has followed her when she has walk'd before.

Secretary Dramatic Club '22; "Clarence" '21; "Twelfth Night" '22.

General

Milwaukee-Downer



Bartenow, Rosa

41 Runyon Street

She is better than she should be.

Senior Optimist.

General

Normal



Baletin, Joseph H.

7 Seymour Avenue

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad.

General German

N. J. College of Pharmacy



Baumgarten, Sol

35 Ridgewood Avenue

And let's be red with mirth

Orchestra '22, '23, '24.

Classical

Undecided



THE OPTIMIST



Belfer, Jack

42 Hawthorne Avenue

*You have wrestled well and overthrown more than
your enemies.*

Football '23, '24; "Twelfth Night" '22; Optimist '24, '25;
Optimist Medal; Senior Optimist.

Classical

George Washington Univ.



Berlinrut, Charles

821 South 16 Street

Strong reasons make strong actions.

Classical

Columbia



Bernstein, David

63 Hillside Place

And make each day a critic on the last.

Orchestra '22, '23, '24; Orchestra Medal.

Scientific

N. Y. U.



Bopp, Charles

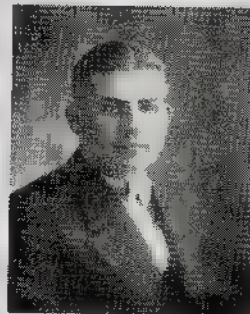
813 South 17 Street

All's well that ends well.

Football '23; Varsity Football '24.

General Spanish

Rutgers



Bressler, Charles H.

9 Peshine Avenue

Every honest miller has a golden thumb.

Scientific

N. J. College of Pharmacy





THE OPTIMIST



Broder, Hyman

847 Hunterdon Street

He that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache.

Classical

Undecided



Brooks, Edward W.

91 Schuyler Avenue

*When a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place.*

Football '22; Varsity Football '23, '24; Track '24; G. O. Senator '24; Chairman Athletic Committee G. O. '24.

General

U. of Michigan



Bross, Martin G.

15 Mapes Place

*So much one man can do
That does both act and know.*

Optimist '24, '25; Optimist Medal; Editor Pessimist; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Princeton



Carrol, Wilfred

80 Hawthorne Avenue

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Classical

Mass. Inst. of Tech.



Cohen, Isidore Y.

44 Rose Terrace

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning

Classical

N. Y. U.



THE OPTIMIST



Cohen, Samuel

74 Court Street

He knew what is what.

Classical

Undecided



Danzis, Leo

285 Ridgewood Avenue

Those curious locks so aptly twin'd.

General

Franklin and Marshall



Davidson, Gordon

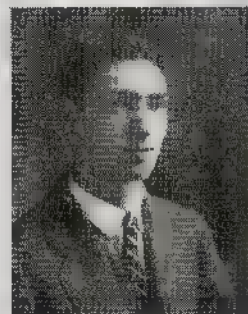
88 Clinton Avenue

Man was born for two things—thinking and acting

President 4A Class, Track '22, '24, '25; Vice-President G. O. '24; President G. O. '25; Chairman Finance Committee G. O. '24, '25; Chairman Constitutional Committee G. O. '24; Optimist '23, '24; Chairman Alumni and Exchange Board Optimist '24; Editor Mystic Pen '24; Optimist Medal; Senior Optimist.

General

Rutgers



Diamond, Edward

180 Ridgewood Avenue

I think he'll be a man before his mother.

Optimist '24, '25; Optimist Medal; Senior Optimist.

General Spanish

N. Y. U.



Donofrio, Fred.

453 Washington Street

There's a time for all things

Scientific

Columbia





THE OPTIMIST



Falk, Irvin

44 Eckert Avenue

What's yours is mine, and all mine is yours.

General Spanish

Columbia



Feddersen, Helga

158 Maple Avenue, Irvington

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose.

Volley Ball '23, '24; Optimist '24, '25; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Vassar



Finkelstein, Pearl F.

411 Hawthorne Avenue

Literature is an avenue to glory.

Track '24; Volley Ball '22, '23, '24, '25; Hockey '23; Optimist '22, '23, '24, '25; Optimist Medal; Chairman Literary Board Optimist '23; Associate Editor Optimist '24; Editor-in-Chief Optimist '24; Editor-in-Chief Senior Optimist '25.

Classical

Columbia School of Journalism



Fleischmann, Helen

209 Renner Avenue

Jest and youthful jollity.

Volley Ball '22, '23; Gym. Exhibit '23, '24.

General French

Normal



Flusser, Nathan

18 Ingraham Place

A player that offers service.

Tennis '23, '24, '25; Captain Tennis Team '25; Track '23, '24.

Classical

Dartmouth



THE OPTIMIST



Frank, Ida E.

205 Hillside Avenue

*And her lips were made for laughter,
And her white teeth too.*

Treasurer German Club '24.

General German

N. Y. U.



Friedman, Miriam

90 Goodwin Avenue

*It's guid to be merry and wise
It's guid to be honest and true.*

General

Normal



Geller, Morris

848 Hunterdon Street

Listen to the other side.

Classical

Business



Gershkowitz, Mamie

641 South Belmont Avenue

Thy worth and skill exempt thee from the throng.

General French

Fawcett School of Art



Ginsburg, Samuel I.

84 Hobson Street

A little study, now and then.

Scientific

Undecided





THE OPTIMIST



Gollender, Henry

20 Goodwin Avenue

The soul that can be honest is the only perfect man.

Classical

Princeton



Goldstein, Benjamin

214 South Orange Avenue

Four years of education have cast their weight of wisdom upon him.

General

Undecided



Goldstein, Rose

149 Seymour Avenue

Of manners gentle and affections mild.

Glee Club '25.

General

Undecided



Goodman, Sylvia

26 Johnson Avenue

And a very nice girl you'll find her.

Hockey '22; Gym. Exhibit '22; Volley Ball '22, '24;
Senior Optimist.



Greenstein, Sam.

235 Belmont Avenue

Men of few words are the best men

General

N. J. College of Pharmacy



THE OPTIMIST



Grodman, Sidney

128 Milford Avenue

*No bees, no honey,
No work, no money.*

Gym. Team '25.

General

Newark Physical Training College



Guttman, Ella

95 Rose Terrace

*Better late than never
When there's much to endeavor.*

Classical

Undecided



Haas, Beatrice

51 Seymour Avenue

A most fresh and delicate creature.

G. O. Senator '22; Track '22, '23, '24, '25; Basketball '23;
Volley Ball '23, '25; Hockey '23, '24; Chairman 4A Social
Committee

General

Columbia



Halprin, Mollie

310 Hillside Avenue

Her talents are of the more silent class.

General

Columbia



Harris, Marcus M.

725 High Street

He touched nothing that he did not adorn.

Optimist '23, '24, '25; Chairman Personal Board Optimist
'24, '25; Optimist Medal; Executive Committee Senior
Optimist.

Classical

Cornell





THE OPTIMIST



Henry, Austin W.

21 Mapes Avenue

Books are the sepulchers of thoughts.

Optimist '24, '25, Chairman Literary Board Optimist '25;
Optimist Medal; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Columbia



Hoffman, Bessie

202 Ridgewood Avenue

*Very quiet and demure
Of that you may be sure.*

General

Columbia



Huberman, Edward

195 Shephard Avenue

The first secret of success is self trust.

Varsity Debating Team '25; Assistant Football Manager
'24; Manager Track Team '25; Vice-President Spanish
Club '25; Optimist Medal '24; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Undecided



Hymowitz, Ben.

221 Court Street

Dinner, dinner!—Yes, that is happiness!

Classical

George Washington Univ.



Isgor, Martha

383 Clinton Avenue

Earnestness is the soul of work.

Senior Optimist.

Classical

Columbia



THE OPTIMIST



Karl, Anna

46 Seymour Avenue

Active natures are rarely melancholy.

Track '23, '24, '25; Volley Ball '23; Hockey '24; Gym Exhibit '24.

General

Normal



*Kastner, Walter

788 South 14 Street

Thy rich celestial music filled the air.

Orchestra '21, '22, '23, '24; Concertmaster '23; G. O. Senator '24, '25; Honor Roll Medal; Orchestra Medal.

Classical

Newark Tech.



Kein, Mary M.

153 Milford Avenue

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Glee Club '25.

General

Normal



Kempler, Murray E.

163 Chadwick Avenue

Let's all cry Peace! Freedom! Liberty!

Track '22, '23; Football '22, '23; "Twelfth Night" '22.

General

U. of Michigan



Kievsky, Lena

331 Madison Avenue

What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say

Glee Club '25.

Arts

N. Y. Institute of Music





*Klein, Daniel 145½ Elizabeth Avenue

A Man's word is his honor.

Honor Roll Medal; G. O. Senator '25; Senior Optimist.
Classical Rutgers



Klein, Dorothy 21 Treacy Avenue

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds.

Volley Ball '22, '25.
Classical N. J. College for Women



Klein, Frances 573 Hawthorne Avenue

Every why hath a wherefore.

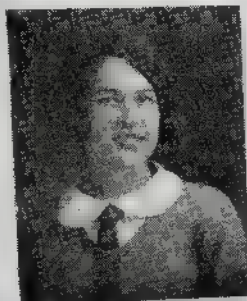
General Normal



Kohn, Emanuel (3½ Year Student) 53 Osborne Terrace

Importance is one thing and learning's another, but a debate's a debate, that I assert.

Varsity Debating Team '25.
General Columbia



Klingel, Minnie 585 South 11 Street

A jewel well worth a man's taking.

Varsity Debating Team '24, '25.
General Normal



THE OPTIMIST



Kotler, Marie (3½-Year Student) 120 Avon Avenue

*Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
and so do I.*

Volley Ball '23; Glee Club '25.

General

Normal



Konel, Sarah

501 Belmont Avenue

What a spendthrift she is of her tongue!

General

Undecided



Krueger, Anita

761 High Street

*This lady is happily arrived, my mind presumes,
for her own good and ours.*

Hockey '22, '23; Volley Ball '22, '23, '24, '25; Assistant
Business Manager Optimist '24; Assistant Circulation
Manager Optimist '24; Circulation Manager Optimist
'25; Optimist Medal '25; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Undecided



Lawrence, Eléonor

22 Bock Avenue

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

G. O. Senator '25; Secretary G. O. '25.

General

Normal



Levine, Max

174 Hillside Avenue

His hair was not more sunny than his heart.

Classical

N. Y. U.





THE OPTIMIST



Levy, Hilda M.

37 Randolph Place

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit

4A Social Committee.

Classical

Smith



Levy, Julian

66 Baldwin Avenue

What is life without the light of love?

General

Undecided



Lifland, Bernard

337 Pershine Avenue

He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth.

Optimist '25; Senior Optimist.

Classical

U. of Penn



Lieberman, Louis

57 Stratford Place

Less noise! less noise!

Classical

U. of Penn.



Makowsky, Harold

23 Johnson Ave

*The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
I spent among the lassies*

Football '23; Senior Optimist.

General

U. of Penn



THE OPTIMIST



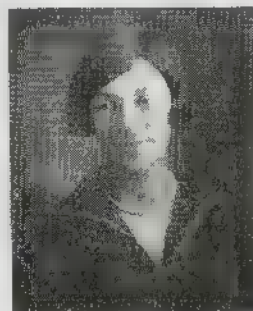
Mann, Edna

63 Fabyan Place

A merry heart is a good medicine.

General French

Normal



Marantz, Samuel

14 Seymour Avenue

Music hath its charms.

Orchestra '22, '23, '24, '25; Instrumental Trio '24; Assistant Concertmaster '25; Miniature Orchestra Bach Concert '25; Orchestra Medal.

Classical

Columbia



Marzel, Joseph

29 Watson Avenue

*Where he falls short 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds the merit's all his own.*

1st Pennant; President Spanish Club '24, '25; Optimist '23, '24, '25; Optimist Medal '24; Executive Board Senior Optimist.

Classical

N. Y. U.



Mayers, Jules

109 Hillside Avenue

*He giggled in French,
In Hist'ry too,
There was no mischief
He didn't do*

1st '21, '22.

General French

U. of Michigan



McIntyre, Stanley

730 High Street

I'll warrant him heart-whole.

1st Pennant; Vice-President Radio Club '24; G. O. Sen '24; Treasurer 4A Class; Baseball '24; Optimist '24.

Classical

Mass. Inst. of Tech.





Miller, Helen

584 Bergen Street

Silence in woman is like speech in man.

General Latin

Normal



Milstein, Morris

245 Peshine Avenue

Art is Power.

Orchestra '24, '25; Publicity Manager Optimist '24, '25;
Senior Optimist.

Arts

Fawcett School of Art



Murray, Dorothy

826 South 17 Street

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Classical

Undecided



Neuss, Jacob

471 Hawthorne Avenue

The quiet mind is richer than the crown.

Chess Team '22, '23, '24, '25; N. J. Interscholastic Chess
Championship Team.

Classical

Undecided



Ozias, James

732 Clinton Avenue

A man of honor, noble and true.

Vice President 4A Class; Circulation Manager Optimist
'23, '24; Optimist Medal; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Rutger

THE OPTIMIST

Parmelee, Clinton

10 Emmett Street

No sweet without some sweat.

Classical

N. Y. Tech.

Rauchbach, Max

1 Baldwin Avenue

Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long.

Class '23; Representative G. O. '21.

General

Rutgers

Reinhardt, Ruth

16 Baldwin Avenue

*Be to her virtues very kind
Be to her faults a little blind*

Arts

Undecided

Ritz, Rubin

580 15 Avenue

*My tongue within my lips I rein
For who talks much, must talk in vain.*

Orchestra '22, '23, '24; Vice-President French Club '25.

Classical

N. Y. U.

Robbins, Alexander

198 Hillside Avenue

*Who e'er excels in what we prize
He is a hero in our eyes.*

Varsity Baseball '23, '24, '25; Captain
Varsity Football '23, '24; 4 Block
G. O. Senator '24, '25; Senior Optimist.

Classical

U. of Michigan





THE OPTIMIST



Roeber, Helen

847 South 15 Street

*They are truly great
Who are truly good*

Orchestra '24, '25; Volley Ball '22; Basketball '23; Track '23, '25.

General German

Conn. College for Women



Roeber, William T.

853 Sanford Avenue

Now the battle's ended

Football '23, Track '23; School Parade Leader '23, '24
Vice-President German Club '24

General German

Lehigh



Rosenbaum, Louis

124 Ridgewood Avenue

*The impromptu reply is precisely the touchstone of the
man of wit.*

Classical

Rutgers



Rosenthal, Frank

25 Johnson Avenue

And a jolly good fellow was he.

Optimist '24, '25, Senior Optimist.

Classical

U. of Penn



Rosenthal, Ernestine

685 Hunterdon Street

Be good sweet maid and let who will be clever.

General French

Norma



THE OPTIMIST



Rosenzweig, Ruth

17 Osborne Terrace

She was a maiden witty, bright and free.

General

N. J. College for Women

Rutkin, Sylvia

64 Millington Avenue

She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought.

Hockey '22, '24; Volley Ball '23, '25.

Classical

N. J. College for Women

Salbin, Edward

5 Shanley Avenue

Happy is the man who owes nothing.

General Latin

N. J. Law

Schultz, Grace

854 South 19 Street

Wisdom is better than rubies.

Hockey '21, '22; Volley Ball '22; Honor Roll Medal.

General Spanish

Normal

Sedlik, Sam.

738 Hunterdon Street

*O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us.*

Classical

Columbia





THE OPTIMIST



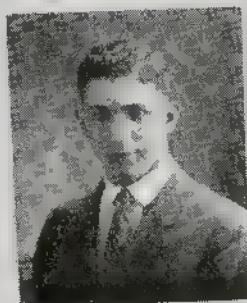
Selenfriend, Sidney

541 Market Street

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

Classical

Columbia



Sevrin, Henry

204 Johnson Avenue

He filled the air with thundering dissonance.

Varsity Baseball '24.

General Spanish

Undecided



*Shack, Max

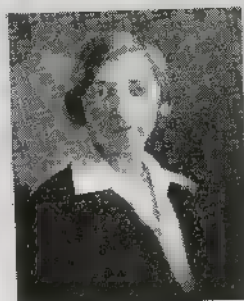
20 Harding Terrace

Learning by study must be won.

Orchestra '22, '23, '24; Orchestra Medal; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

N. Y. U.



Silidker, Anna

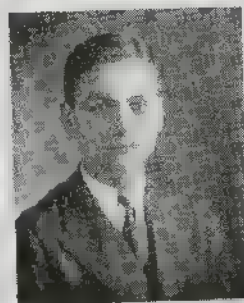
9 Baldwin Avenue

*The proper study of mankind is man;
The most perplexing, no doubt, is woman.*

Gym. Exhibit '24; Volley Ball '25; Dance Exhibit '25;
Optimist '24, '25; Optimist Medal; Senior Optimist.

General

Undecided



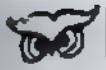
Silverman, Sidney

861 South 17 Street

Something between a hindrance and a help.

Classical

N. Y. U.



THE OPTIMIST



Silverman, Jerome

183 Scheerer Avenue

How sweet it is to do nothing!

Optimist '23, '24; Optimist Medal; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Rutgers



Sladek, Helen (3½ Year Student) 219 Florence Avenue

*For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary.*

General

Normal



Snyder, Leonard M.

299 Clinton Avenue

'Tis not the stature makes the man.

Classical

Yale



Sobel, Lilian

6 Shanley Avenue

In came Lilian, one vast, substantial smile.

General French

Normal



Solomon, Harry

24 Fairview Avenue

He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

'25.

Classical

Syracuse





THE OPTIMIST



Statman, Arthur J.

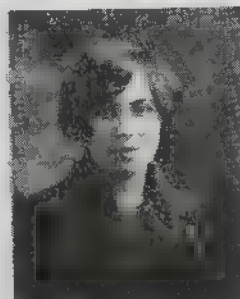
22 Millington Avenue

*Why worry about to-morrow
When to day is bright and clear?*

Orchestra '22, '23, '24, '25; Track '24, '25

General Spanish

N. Y. U.



Stein, Mildred

271 Clinton Avenue

Sweetness and goodness in her person shine.

Senior Optimist.

Arts

N. Y. School of Fine and Applied Arts



Stefany, Emil

246 Fabyan Place

I would help others out of a friendly feeling.

Scientific

Undecided



Stoll, August S.

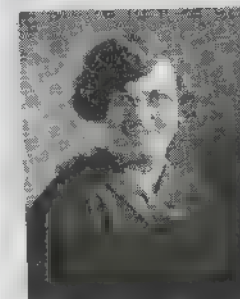
169 Seymour Avenue

Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder.

Varsity Baseball '22, '23, '24, '25.

General

Newark Gym. Normal



Strauss, Sylvia S.

118 Clinton Place

Shall I go on? or have I said enough?

Dramatic Club '22, '23; Hockey '21, '22, '23; Volley Ball '23; Basketball '22; Optimist '22, '23, '24, '25; Chairman Alumni and Exchange Board Optimist '25; Optimist Medal; Senior Optimist.

General Latin

N. J. College for Women



THE OPTIMIST



Strubbe, Frederick H., Jr.

495 Clinton Avenue

I struggle against adverse conditions.

Baseball '24, '25.

Classical

Lehigh



Taylor, Eleanor

89 Baldwin Street

My own thoughts are my companions.

Classical

Undecided



Turkus, Stanley

61 Johnson Avenue

If work interferes with pleasure, give up work.

Senior Optimist.

Classical

Rutgers



Van Houten, Evelyn A.

67 Nairn Place

A maiden modest, yet self-possessed.

Glee Club '25.

General

N. Y. College of Dentistry



Vantosh, Morris

179 Brunswick Street

O my Luve's like a red, red rose.

Baseball '22, '23, '24

Classical

Rutgers





THE OPTIMIST



Walsh, Gertrude G.

68 West Kinney Street

I love tranquil solitude.

Basketball '22; Hockey '23.

General

Teachers' College



Wardell, Daniel

214 Renner Avenue

Lo, our conquering hero comes!

Track '21; Varsity Track '22, '23, '24, '25, G. O. Senator '24; Secretary 4A Class; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Princeton



Warner, Aaron W.

12 Leo Place

First among equals.

Instrumental Trio; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Princeton



Warner, Mildred E.

205 Osborne Terrace

*Mama, why don't the men propose?
Why don't the men propose?*

Hockey '22; Volley Ball '22, '23, '24, '25; Track '24; Glee Club '25.

General French

N. Y. Institute of Music



Wishnevsky, Harry

296 West Kinney Street

My heart is ever at your service.

General

Newark Gym. Normal



THE OPTIMIST



*Waxman, Isadore

235 West Kinney Street

Education is the chief defense of nations.

Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

Columbia



Weisleder, Charles

1121 Broad Street

It is the wise head that makes the still tongue.

Classical

Brooklyn Polytechnic



Weisman, Nathan

7 Bock Avenue

*He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.*

General

U. of Penn.



Wood, Margaret

161 Sherman Avenue

*Her prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses.*

General

Phila. Academy of Fine Arts



*Wyckoff, Kenneth M.

95 Shephard Avenue

High erected thoughts, sealed in a heart of courtesy.

1st Pennant; Executive Board Senior Optimist; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

Rutgers





THE OPTIMIST



*Zlotnick, Abraham

263 Avon Ave.

*He is not fair to outward view
But oh! his eye is bright.*

Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

Columbia



Sickles, Gus, Jr.

59 Ingraham Place

The ladies think him cute and sweet.

Track '24

Classical

Cornell

*Denotes student has been on honor roll twenty times or more

SENIOR



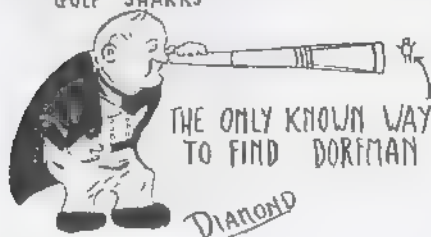
I. MOWITZ AND SOLOMON
GOLF SHARKS



TADLER AS HE IS EXPECTED
TO LOOK ON THE NIGHT
OF GRADUATION (MAYBE)

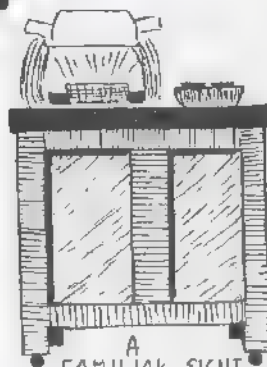


MILSTEIN THE
ARTIST



THE ONLY KNOWN WAY
TO FIND DORMAN

DIAMOND



A
FAMILIAR SIGHT
TO P. FINKELSTEIN



MEET THE DUK
MARCUS HART

THE OPTIMIST SCHOOL NEWS



Editors

JACK FELDMANN, *Chairman*

LOTTA EMMERGLICK
ALICE FINGER
RUTH FLEISCHER

FLORENCE LEVY
GABRIEL RICH
JEAN ROSEWATER

DAY BY DAY THE MANNA FELL

As Ads Came Dropping In

A special meeting of the senior class was held on Thursday, April 2, at 12:30 o'clock. As the president, Gordon Davidson was attending a meeting Mr. Meyers took charge.

Mr. Smith told them how necessary it was for a senior to get at least one ad. You see it takes a great deal of financial background to put the SENIOR OPTIMIST successfully.

It came a real shock. Pearl Finkelstein, the chairman of the SENIOR OPTIMIST informed her classmates that unless they "buckled down" this year, the senior number could not be issued, the material which had been handed in was scarce and unsatisfactory.

Smith's was the second of April instead of the first, they all realized the seriousness of the situation and have been working very hard using the famous "midnight oil" in order to make this SENIOR OPTIMIST the biggest and best number ever published.

SPANISH CLUB OF S. S. INC. FEATURES A SPECIALITY

April 3, marked the date of another special Spanish Club program. The entertainment being exclusively prepared for the occasion, consisted of many special events (of course it's just natural), and among those featured the foremost parts, was the very interesting ballad of Spanish tinge and tone by Eisner, who was accompanied on

the piano by Ruth Goldberg, after which followed three talks delivered by Sylvia Goodman, Sol Katz and Belle Rosenthal (successively not simultaneously), on the lives and accomplishments of foremost Spanish artists, one artist being from the musical group, another from the group of writers, and the third from the group of art painters. The talks were of course in Spanish, yet retained their interest and completeness, for which the speakers deserve special credit. The public discussion, which ensued, added still more to their value. Another special incident was the postponement of the meeting from Thursday until Friday (this was extra special).

The crowd that attended the meeting was very gratifying, and at present it is undecided where the credit should rightly go. We think the write-ups in THE OPTIMIST must be the instrumental force. (ADVT.)

NOTE: By following the columns of THE OPTIMIST you will follow all.

THEY'RE SO STRONG THEY MOVE CASTLES

Chess!—We Have No Regular Time

There is in Room 56, noisily toiling away, a large and most interesting group. They are merry and willing at their task, as a proof of which we have the fact on hand that only darkness impedes the progress of their movements, and that even then necessity, not desire, forces them to leave. And you, fellow South Siders, don't you



believe us? Well then, we refer you to the aforementioned address on Friday—any Friday.

In the preceding paragraph we might have mentioned that we had reference to the Chess and Checker Club, which at present is anticipating some sort of legislation to establish a regular time when the members must depart.

Now, as to just what to expect there. Well—at any rate, Mr. Parmalee (down there they address each other with the courteous prefixes—sometimes) will be seen, and also heard, conquering his opponents right and left, both in checkers and in chess. Looks to us as tho he will come near attaining the vacant fourth board on the Chess Team. And that strange diagram on the blackboard is the idea of one of the methodists of the club (now don't be confused, we mean by a methodist, one who resorts to method rather than madness). The direct purpose of this plan is to inform the Sets Committee, consisting of two persons, exactly where to locate all the sets, all the time, and incidentally, to insure their safe return to their special drawer. Everything else will be in strict conformation with the doings and customs of the rest of the world.

THEY'RE LIKE CORKS

The Waters of Failure Can't Drown 'Em

The Committee of Athletics of the General Organization, after having made elaborate arrangements for the first meeting of the Varsity Club, in the course of which they exerted themselves to the utmost, have met their first real setback. Saturday, April 11, at the Y. M. C. A., this committee assembled, and they naturally expected a large attendance, especially on an occasion of such importance to South Siders, but as a matter of fact, very few of our block "S" winners were on hand.

(Continued on Page 119)



4A Class Officers

LOOKING "G. O. WARDS"

ELEANOR STEPS IN AS CLARISSA VACATES

The first issue to be taken up from the business of the early part of April, was the choosing of the secretary for the organization, from the three candidates remaining after the primary election. The vacancy was caused by the resignation of the former secretary, Clarissa Deerin. The ultimate vote resulted in the appointment of Eleanor Lawrence, who is also secretary of the School Betterment Committee.

As another item, the Courtesy Campaign was brought to an official close, but *tho the Courtesy Campaign did come, and the Courtesy Campaign did go, we are confident that the courteous spirit will go on forever.*

The General Organization has, likewise, sponsored the vote just taken for the election of the five Junior Commissioners, the highest of which will be the mayor, and will have the opportunity to visit Washington, (D. C. not George) grat. The G. O. has selected Raymond Nehemkis as the South Side candidate, upon which fact we have enlarged in the last issue.

We have received news of the preparation of a printed booklet for free circulation among the Freshmen, expressing the fundamentals of courtesy, the things which will be expected of them, and the things they may expect of South Side. By this method, the instigators of this idea feel that South Side will be made to soar to greater heights.

Thus stands the business of our representatives as this issue goes to press.

MUSIC, MUSIC EVERYWHERE BUT NOT ENOUGH WE THINK

The assembly of March 31 was one of a truly delightful nature. While passing outside the auditorium on Monday afternoon we could see by the "dress" rehearsal speeches that on Tuesday there would be "something doing." After the usual preliminaries, Edmond Taylor emphasized in a most sincere and convincing manner the necessity for the promotion of and greater regard for the students of South Side for the fundamental principles of courtesy and politeness.

Mr. E. Mason, a former graduate, who has graced our platform many times before, spoke of courtesy in business. After Mr. Mason's speech, Minnie Klingel announced the Bach-Beethoven.

(Continued on Page 68)



THEY LIKE THE REAL STUFF

A La Français

We hope that at the French Club some day there will be a real French atmosphere with nothing but French being spoken. For example: En entrant dans la salle tout ce qu'on pourrait entendre serait de la conversation française. On dirait: Comment allez-vous? Où vous êtes-vous amusés la semaine passée?—etc. And they would be answered in French. That's the real French club atmosphere which should be striven for.

At the meeting on April 22, altho not so much French was spoken before the beginning of the meeting, we are progressing

A very fine musical program had been prepared. Miss Fannie Horwitz, who is not a member of the club or even of South Side, played several fine selections on the piano: "The Nightingale" by Liszt; "Minute Waltz" by Chopin; "A-flat Waltz" by Chopin; "Hunting Song" by Mendelssohn; and "Impromptu E-flat" by Schubert.

David Geltzeiler accompanied by Goldie Waxman on the piano, rendered a few violin solos: "The Song of Songs" by Moya, a French composition; "Song of India" by Rimsky-Korsako; and "German Dance" by Dittersdoff.

The club, accompanied by Selda Lewis at the piano, then sang the Marseillaise.

TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN

No Less for Girls

At the meeting of the French Club, on March 21 Mlle. Leers assisted the organization by leading the singing of two popular French airs, namely "La Marseillaise" and "Madelon." The girls singing the first song, did très bien; but had some difficulty with the second, as it was an entirely new tune to all. But, as Caesar put

it, "I came, I saw, I conquered." They, too, may say, "We came, we listened, we sang"

Selda Lewis accompanied the songsters on the piano very efficiently.

M. O'Neill was asked to sing a "duet solo" with Mlle. Leers but he declined on the pretence of having a cold. Mlle. Lewis, however, assisted Mlle. Leers, and they sang "Madelon" very creditably.

This was a very interesting meeting and the time flew so swiftly that, when the bell rang at the end of the period, no one would believe that three-quarters of an hour had really passed

The Piano Droned, The Bass Drum Boomed

While Thru the Din Our Success Loomed

The large throng that crowded South Side's auditorium on April 24, was greatly pleased with the Bach-Beethoven concert directed by Mr. Philip Gordon. Beethoven's "Coriolan Overture," Bach's "Arioso," and Bach's "March" from "Sound Joyous Trumpets" were rendered in a manner which did justice to the long and numerous hours of practise spent by the orchestra. These three numbers were played with feeling and understanding, two factors which lend so much toward that high goal for which all strive—perfection. Elsa Schill played the "Larghetto" from Beethoven's only Violin Concerto with mastery and technic. When the last notes of Elsa's violin spread thru the auditorium, the audience burst into vociferous applause which demanded several graceful bows. Elsa's charming personality and her talent make her a delightful and gracious performer. Miss Frommelt, a mezzo-soprano sang three songs by Beethoven: "May Song," "I Love Thee," and "Aria" from "Fidelio." Bach's "Fantasia and Fugue in A minor," written originally for the harpsichord, and arranged by Harold Bauer for the piano was excellently played by Freda Paster and Lillian Hasmyler, two talented graduates. This selection, joyful and rhythmic, was one of the best features of the program, being played in a flawless, flowing style. The South Side Dance Ensemble gave two delightful numbers. Beth Rose and Lorene Carvallo danced to the music of Beethoven, a dance which they themselves composed.

Another dance to Beethoven's music, representing flowers in the wind was danced most gracefully and aesthetically by Dorothy Stoll, Anna Silidker, Evelyn Nichols, Frances Neiss, Edith Mass, Helen Ernst, Betty Eisner, and Doris Abeles.

Like delicate flowers tossed in the wind they



flitted to and fro.

Bach's humorous cantata, "The Contest Between Phoebus and Pan," which required five soloists, a chorus, and a miniature orchestra, was rendered with great success. This was probably the first time that this number has been given in America. Herman Gelhauser sang Phoebus, Howard Gee, Pan, and Irma Fensel, Bruce Campbell and Lorraine Saylor were the soloists. They were assisted by the Trinity Cathedral Choir. The accompaniment was played by the miniature orchestra.

Mr. Gordon, who had expended his every effort to make this concert a success, was duly rewarded, for it turned out to be one of the finest of its kind

DIG A LITTLE DEEPER ARBOR DAY APPROACHETH

At the close of the Arbor Day assembly every one was amazed at the amount of time which had elapsed. The program had been very interesting

There was nothing original in the preliminaries.

A few announcements were made and then the "real stuff" began. The first was Edmond Taylor, who told of the South Side—East Orange Debate. In his speech he said that he expected to see every South Sider that night in our assembly hall for just our faces alone would give our speakers inspiration. (Surely this compliment must have brought crowds of students to the debate.) Then Milton Carvalho announced that there was to be a baseball game between South Side and Irvington that afternoon, and that he expected to see all the "faithful ones" back up

(Continued on Page 68)



Optimist Advisers

Let's to Work! Enough of Play!

Vacation Time No More Holds Sway!

A regular assembly, after an unusually speedy Easter Vacation, was held on Tuesday morning, April 14. As an introduction, one of our popular songs, "Work for the Night is Coming," was sung. This is a very popular song with most students, especially at this time of the year, as it serves as an incentive to the young theatre-goers and "society buds"

It was then announced that Arbor Day would be fittingly celebrated at this school by the planting of some new shrubbery on our already beautiful grounds. (A gentle hint for contributions.) We were also informed that once again South Side had stepped into the limelight by taking both second and third places in a poster contest. Annette Eberhardt winning the second prize of ten dollars, and Rosalie Amsterdam taking third place. The contest was held for the purpose of selecting a suitable design for the cover of the program of the meeting of the Eastern Art Teachers' Association, to be held at Springfield, Massachusetts, on April 23, 24 and 25. Both High Schools and Art Schools thruout the eastern states were eligible. Imagine! Without any special preparation or effort we "copped" both second and third places! "Just think what we could have done if we had really tried," remarked Dr. Kennedy, very fittingly.

(Continued on Page 119)

TWO CIVIC AUTHORITIES

And They're Both Ours

"The storm is over, the vote is taken, the battle is won," in a concise fashion tells the exciting story of the first vote taken for Junior Commissioners, in the annals of the City of Newark. The storm or campaigning is already history; it has passed. The battle of the nineteen nominees has been fought; it is at an end; calm and peace has again filled the atmosphere. It has, likewise, been won in that two candidates of South Side have garnered places.

The statistical results were as follows: Charles Harris, representing Barringer was elected Mayor—2,031 votes; Sam Calorusso, the representative of Central received the Commissionership of Public Safety—1,582 votes; E. John Gilroy, candidate from the Prudential Insurance Company received the choice from the Commercial Group for the Commissionership of Public Revenue and Finance—1,411 votes; Alex Robbins, nominee of the



Young Men's Hebrew Association snatched up the position of Commissioner of Park and Public Property—1,203 votes; and, Jack Feldmann, representing the Newark Boy Scouts was entrusted with the duties of the Commissioner of Public Works. The sixth place was held by James Ozias, representing the Young Men's Christian Association. He received 1,003 votes. Guess it is needless to say that Jimmie is a Sunny Sider; you all must know that.

It seems most interesting that in the second group, the Organizations' Group consisting of nine candidates, three should have been South Siders; that these three should come out on top; and that two should qualify. Another oddity, tho not so agreeable, is that due to the many absences at the time of registration and of voting, our candidate, Raymond Nehemkis, fell quite a bit short of expectations. However, Raymond is but a 3A, and thus we do not doubt that he will receive a better showing next year.

We, the SCHOOL NEWS "bunch," are very proud of our chairman. We always expected great things of Jack and now you see we all were right in our surmises. To look up to him is that which is impossible to forbear, incidentally he is some six feet in height.

An Robbins is another to whom we wish to extend the "congrats." Ali, besides being quarterback on our football team, is one of Dean's star hurlers and third sackers. He is a member of our G. O. Senate, also an active worker of the Committee on Athletics.

Now, as the saying goes, "All's well that ends well," and, as the elections ended up well, all's well. Thus it will be well, if we end up.

Won: One Lost: One Results: Cancel, We're Even

South Side's worthy debating team at Atlantic City, "brought home the bacon" while the other team gave it back to its opponent—East Orange.

The team which fought East Orange, consisted of

Sidney Puninsky, First Speaker,
William Tischler, Second Speaker,
Harry Lowe, Third Speaker,
Edward Huberman, Alternate.

They expected the support of their schoolmates, and were disappointed. It is very likely that this lack of support was a large contributing factor in our defeat. South Siders must support all teams!

During the debate, the South Side Instrumental Trio played a few selections. The Trio consisted of Samuel Marantz, violin; George Goldberg,

clarinet, and Aaron Warner, piano. Then Mr. Frederick H. Groel, who was a member of South Side's Championship Debating Team in 1917 made a few introductory remarks. The topic to be debated upon was: *Resolved: That the proposed child labor amendment should become a part of the Constitution of the United States.* This was the order in which the debaters spoke:

First Affirmative: Elizabeth McCready (E.O.)

First Negative: Sidney Puninsky (S.S.)

Second Affirmative: Walter Kirkpatrick (E.O.)

Second Negative: William Tischler (S.S.)

Third Affirmative: Sanford Barnett (E.O.)

Third Negative: Harry Lowe (S.S.)

After these speeches, the Trio played another very beautiful selection.

Then the rebuttal speeches, entirely extemporaneous, took place. There was a great deal of discussion pro and con, and it proved to be exceedingly interesting.

The Trio played another selection and then the three judges, Mr. J. S. Bosshart, Principal of South Orange High School, Mr. Stuart R. Race, Principal of Glen Ridge High School, and Mr. Earl Palmer, Instructor at Montclair High School were the judges who cast a 2 to 1 decision.

Pastor Reveals Why Shot Was Heard 'Round the World

April 19, being the 150th Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, the year 1925-1926 will be duly marked by fitting celebrations. At South Side on April 21 we had the pleasure of having with us the Reverend Dr. Folsom, pastor of Trinity Church. After our usual preliminaries, Mr. Gordon spoke to us about the concert. He told us some interesting facts about the two great masters, Bach and Beethoven, some of whose works we shall hear on Friday night. After Mr. Gordon's speech, our guest, Dr. Folsom, was introduced. He spoke on "The Significance of the Battle of Lexington" in a most pleasing and entertaining manner. He said that the sentiment pronounced in "Love, Genius and Resolve" was in the qualities that moved the farmers of Lexington and Concord to "fire the shot heard 'round the world." At the end of his address Dr. Folsom read "Oblational," a beautiful poem written by himself.

Sandford Silverman (in chem.): Have you a wide mouthed bottle?

Sollie Halprin: I have the bottle, but Leo Danzis has the wide mouth.



SENIOR OPTIMIST BOARD

ARBOR DAY ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 66)

the team at Irvington. If a South Sider had the proper school spirit he would have had his whole day planned for him, for in the morning he would go to school. In the afternoon he would attend the baseball game at Irvington, and in the evening return to school to hear our much-talked-of debate. Anita Krueger was the next to talk and she told the student body that something wonderful was going to come out. Can you guess the name? Why THE OPTIMIST, of course!

As it was said before, this assembly took place on April 17. Well, South Side wouldn't think of forgetting old Arbor Day. There was a splendid play given by some of the members of the 4B Botany class in honor of this memorable day of the much neglected trees.

After this very enjoyable play every one returned to his room in a happy state of mind and was ready for good, hearty work.*

*ED. NOTE: We are sure that none of the teachers disappointed any one who was ready for the "good hearty work."

Marion Morris (in lunchroom with terrified expression on her face): Gosh, it went down the wrong windpipe!

MUSICAL ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 64)

Concert. We have heard so much about it we can almost hear, "Oh, yes, a very humorous cantata," or "For the harpsichord," etc.

The Spanish Club seemed to think that it was April 1, for they fooled us by not announcing their meeting. But perhaps this was better as it appeared on the surface, for the real feeling of the assembly was brought on more quickly.

Elsa Schill, accompanied by her mother, played two violin solos. Truly words are lacking to describe the beauty and art of Elsa's playing.

After she had played once, the school sat bound and then there burst forth such vociferous applause, that Elsa favored us with another selection. Surely with her talent nothing will hinder her from making a name for herself in the world of music. We all enjoyed Elsa's playing immensely and hope that soon she will play again.

After a few announcements we adjourned to our home rooms, sorry that the precious concert was over, but glad that we had been so well entertained.

Hopeless: Ohhh! I'm dying!

Hopeful: Can I help you!—*The Vanguard*



THE OPTIMIST



SENIOR CALENDAR

By DANIEL KLEIN and AUSTIN W. HENRY

FEBRUARY:

Mon. 2—New term commences. Seniors begin to act "Seniorish," and condescend to speak to a few students below them.

Tues. 3—Have our first assembly during which our principal gives his lecture on the benefits of education, prospects of the new term, and the girls' and boys' entrances.

Wed. 4—Marcus Harris renews his popularity with the girls. Pearl Bateman becomes jealous and refuses to walk home with him.

Thurs. 5—The famous South Side Scholastic Society for Continuous Cutters holds its first meeting. The classes are honored by the absence of the members.

Fri. 6—William Roever causes much disturbance by stepping on a IB. "I'm sure I didn't mean to do it," he told the jury. "I thought it was a hat lying on the floor. I am willing to pay all the capital bills if some one will lend me the money."

Mon. 9—Never before in the annals of South Side has such a dejected and despondent group of students entered the portals of the world-famous school. It might be said without any exaggeration that every one left here Friday positive that he or she would never return. But the school did not come to an end on Saturday night as promised. "I'm so disappointed I could cry," Nathan Blusser is reported to have declared on his return.

Tues. 10—Gordon Davidson makes his first but not last speech in the assembly. Walter Kastner asks for Sylvia Strauss. He leans over the railing too far and loses his footing. However, he returns to his classes as usual. School is said to be improving.

Wed. 11—Weisleder and Thorner publish a book "Shorter Trigonometry Methods." All the mathematics teachers refusing to endorse it, the principal teacher finally consents to do it (It is said some of the teachers were taken scribbling after reading it.)

Thurs. 13—Of all days of the year, this is the unluckiest. It seems to bother all but the principal. Our school statistics show that more accidents were given on this day than any other day. Murray says that this is probably so because who fail will have alibis.

Fri. 14—Anita Krueger announces that she is going to take a milk diet. In the morning she is on the steps of the school for her picture. Two months another picture will be taken. These pictures will be printed in the June

issue of this magazine, one "before taking," and the other "after taking." We all wish her luck.

Tues. 17—The Seniors of room 60 gave a play in the assembly entitled "The Room of Lost Souls." It could be easily seen and heard that the play had never been censored. Indeed, so vile was it, that it received the most deafening applause after it was finished. At the Principal's suggestion, it was repeated. (The play, not the applause.)

Wed. 18—Charles Berlinrut, much to his own surprise, discovers he is taking sewing. When asked the reason by South Side reporters he replies: "I cannot understand how I made this error. Ever since the term began, I realized that there was something the matter with my course, but it was not until the teacher today gave me the dress I was working on that I saw what was wrong. I meant to enroll myself in Shop work, but you know how errors happen."

Thurs. 19—Rubin Ritz is awarded a medal for knowing the French rule for the agreement of the auxiliary in reflexive verbs.

Fri. 20—Helga Feddersen discovers the word "insipid" and uses it continually in describing her boy friends.

Mon. 23—Stanley McIntyre forgets that there is no school and arrives for once (so he says) on time. No doubt he made perfect recitations.

Tues. 24—Elinore Taylor causes quite a commotion by suggesting that the Senior class dues be made fifty cents instead of the usual amount. The extra money in the treasury at the end of the term, she adds, should be given to her for the suggestion.

Wed. 25—Pearl Finkelstein will not tell who it is she was out with last night, and when asked only rolls her eyes. Gollender falls down stairs and causes much unnecessary expense, as the stairs are practically ruined.

Thurs. 26—Clinton Parmelee finally succeeds in playing "What'll I Do?" with one finger on the piano in the Gym. Indeed, so successful was he, that he has been rewarded by being given two extra periods of Gym a week for one month. We think he got off mighty easy.

Fri. 27—Rosenbaum's dog follows him to school. This is a positive proof that the canine family is becoming more intellectual.

MARCH:

Mon. 2—Report cards given out. It is said that Leo Danzis actually fainted upon seeing that he



had passed everything; while VanTosh declared that he would never graduate.

Tues. 3—Harry Solomon shows off his boxing ability in the Gym and returns to his next class with only one black eye. Huberman refereed the game and returned to his class with both eyes blackened. Lifland, Solomon's unfortunate opponent was carried home.

Wed. 4—Two great men were heard in the assembly: President Coolidge and Gordon Davidson. Later when a vote was taken as to who the students considered made the best speech, Davidson received an unanimous vote.

Thurs. 5—Jack Belfer causes quite a commotion in his Home Room by telling Milton Schwartz that he has a dirty face. However, after they were separated, Belfer admitted that it must have been his glasses that were dirty.

Fri. 6—The extraordinary stillness in the school today is finally, after much research work, laid to the fact that Jerome Silverman is absent.

Mon. 9—Helga Feddersen finally admits that her favorite past time is reading books on "Advanced Algebra." Carroll says that he is sorry that he hasn't taken up Advanced Algebra for if the present class can pass it, there is no reason why he wouldn't have done so too.

Tues. 10—Several of the students gave a playlet on courtesy. If the majority of the cast would only rehearse the play every day in real life, we shall be well repaid for listening to it.

Wed. 11—Anita Krueger has broken many hearts by admitting that she will never marry. After her statement, dozens of her admirers were found upon the roof, ready to end all. Anita was forced to withdraw what she had said, before they would give up their attempts.

Thurs. 12—Eleanor Lawrence was seen talking with Ali Robbins. After they parted, it is said that Robbins walked around the corridors three times before he realized what he was doing.

Fri. 13—Isadore Cohen came to school looking extremely blue. "Another one of these Fridays the 13th" he is quoted to have said, "will drive me cuckoo." We beg to inform him that the fated day comes again in November. Beware, I. Y. Cohen!

Mon. 16—Berlinrut has recovered from his lessons in sewing and is seriously considering taking up cooking. He declares that he hopes to be a ventriloquist.

Tues. 17—One of the speakers in the assembly declares that he considers boys brighter than girls. Upon hearing this statement, Sylvia Strauss immediately rises and questions the veracity of his words. It is some time before order is restored.

Later, Sylvia said to the reporters, "Of course he was wrong. He should not make such statements unless he can tell where he got them."

Wed. 18—Seniors are going down to have their pictures taken this week.

Thurs. 19—A great number of the members of the French Club did not come to the meeting today. Some declared that they didn't come as they heard that Dorothy Murray was going to sing. Dorothy is trying to find the one who started the rumor.

Fri. 20—By advice of the class adviser, couches are being installed in each home room. This will give us a chance to rest after strenuous studying. That is the word that is sent around. However, the couches are vacant at present.

Mon. 23—South Side is honored. Eleanor Lawrence wins Heinz's beauty prize. A trip to Jersey City is the reward. On being questioned as to how she won, she replied "My formula for beauty is very simple. I believe in sleeping four hours every night. Spend all your time going to the theater, parties and dances. Eat lots of sweets and chew plenty of gum."

Tues. 24—The assembly today is given in honor of Martin Bross. First the principal read the honor role. Then he read a list of the names of the stories that Bross had written. This only took an hour and a half. After this, Bross read a synopsis of each of his stories. He was then awarded a tin medal and the assembly adjourned at four o'clock sharp.

Wed. 25—It is said that Anna Sildker and Helen Herman are not going with each other any more. Just to be in style, Pearl Finkelstein and Anita Krueger have separated.

Thurs. 26—Bessie Hoffman has discovered a few rules for making biscuits. It is said that they are even harder than those made by Minnie Klingel.

Fri. 26—Helga Feddersen declares that her favorite writer is Elinor Glyn, with Thackeray a close second.

Mon. 30—Eddie Brooks wakes up and asks the new term has begun yet. On hearing that it has, he closes his eyes and asks to be called in June.

Tues. 31—Sylvia Rutkin sneezes twice in the Library. All the boys present have a fight as to which one will close the window. Abe Fack wins, the Library is wrecked and Sylvia sneezes.

APRIL:

Wed. 1—Fred Donofrio surprises every one by announcing that he has done all his home work. However, he only says it, for what can you expect on such a day as this?



Thurs. 2—Anna Karl says that she is going to begin to celebrate the Easter vacation today by not doing any home work. Evidently Anna is always celebrating some vacation.

Fri. 3—Daniel Wardell goes around the school today with a rather long face. When asked the reason by South Side reporters, he replies: "My whole vacation is going to be spoiled when I think that we only have one week. What good is one week? It's a sad, sad world."

Mon. 13—Just as tho coming back after a week's vacation isn't enough, our report cards are given out. Pretty important day too. Just think what two sixes will mean. Linc for Mamas and Papas form on the right.

Tues. 14—Margarite Wood arrives at school in time. 208 will never be the same again.

Wed. 15—Milton Lindeman denies that he has rats teeth. To prove it, he eats a pound of taffy.

Thurs. 16—Ida Frank receives the name "The Queen of South Side." It is reported that she has given Joseph Kaplan to smoking.

Fri. 17—Frances Klein admits that she even talks in her sleep. Murray Kempler arrives for the first time this week. He declares that he has been recuperating from the effects of his vacation.

Mon. 20—Norman Dorfman makes a perfect recitation in History. He blames it on the fact that he wasn't thinking what he was saying.

Tues. 21—Mamie Gershkowitz admits that she is seriously thinking of changing her name to Amena Pancake. Martin Bross denies that his copy of stories has become exhausted. He says: "The person who began that rumor is a liar. I still have enough stories left that, should I live until I am 75, I will be able to write two a day until then. Or, should you prefer a simile, I can say that if I place them side by side they will reach half way to the moon; or if weighed, will be equal to three times the weight of the New World Building."

Wed. 22—Mollie Halprin denies the report that he is engaged to Jacob Neuss.

Thurs. 23—Charles Bressler says that there is some charm that trigonometry holds over him that he is unable to describe. "Last term it did me the same way," he declared. "This term it's again the same. Who can tell what will happen next term?"

Fri. 24—Eleanor Lawrence faints in History class. She declares that Helen Roeber, who sits next the aisle from her, recited so loud that she was able to understand what she said. The whole class admitted that it was quite a shock.

Mon. 27—Abe Paley is not able to withstand the heat of hunger, and eats his lunch during the

second period.

Tues. 28—Gordon Davidson speaks in the assembly on "What will be the matter with our football team next fall?" Kindly send your answers to THE OPTIMIST.

Wed. 29—Edna Mann and Helen Fleischman have held a contest to see which one can keep from talking the longest. Edna won. Time: 1 minute, 33 1/4 seconds.

Thurs. 30—Nathan Weisman arrives in school wearing an extremely light suit. As soon as he arrives, he announces that he wishes all persons with uncovered fountain pens to keep away from him.

MAY:

Fri. 1—Gus Sickles writes a poem entitled "May is here; up, ye flowers, up." He blushinglly admits that he wrote it in his sleep.

Mon. 4—David Warshawsky gives a private exhibition of his act "Speaking three languages at once." Before the act begins he explains that he speaks Jewish and English at the same time, making them both sound like Chinese. Every one present admitted that he was quite versatile.

Tues. 5—During the assembly, Helga Feddersen dances assisted by Joseph Marzel. The dance, as it is explained to us before it begins, is an interpretation of South Side students going to the lunch room. So realistic was the dance, that the performers were carried off the stage, exhausted.

Wed. 6—Marie Kottler and Samuel Marantz have announced that they plan to tour Africa this summer. Samuel will play the violin, while Marie will sing. It is doubtful as to whether or not the cannibals will stand for it. Put yourself in their places!

Thurs. 7—Classes were not held today, as Clinton Parmelee announced that he had lost one of his chess men. The entire student body, sympathizing greatly with him, spent the whole day searching for it. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he gleefully cried out that he had found it in his pocket. We all then thanked him most politely for the delightful time he had given us and each went to his home.

Fri. 8—Anita Krueger admits that she has given up her milk diet. "In fact," she says, "I gave it up a day after I began. If any one has anything to say about it, they will kindly speak directly to me."

Mon. 11—August Stoll is given a medal for faithful work in the Library. "I have begun to write my Autobiography," he says during his speech at the celebration. "I am starting early,



THE OPTIMIST



in case I should forget any of it when I get older."

Tues. 12—Out of respect for Frank Rosenthal who is indisposed today, Assembly is omitted.

Wed. 13—Frederick Strubbe says that he is going to suggest to the School Board that classes, beginning next year, should be held also on Saturdays. We notice that he waits until he is ready to graduate before he makes this statement. We hope we are not personal

Thurs. 14—Morris Milstein exhibits his portrait in oils of Anita Krueger. A few at first thought it was a dish of macaroni; but every one declared it was an excellent likeness. Milstein

is the artist of that extraordinary painting, "The Interior of the Hudson Tubes at Night."

Fri. 15—Sylvia Strauss is suing the Heinz Co. She declares that they have used her picture as being one of the 57 varieties.

Mon. 18—Mary Kein says that she is going to be in the movies should she ever finish here. Every one declares that she will make fine atmosphere.

Tues. 19—Senior Optimist is announced. Now you will agree that it is even more wonderful than it was said to be; and that's saying a whole lot. It just goes to show that the class of 1925 knows how to do things.

THOUGHTS FIFTY YEARS FROM HENCE

(With Apologies to Robert Browning)

By AUSTIN W. HENRY

South Side High I speak of,
In famous Newark city;
The avenue Johnson, long and wide,
Touches its wall on the western side,
A pleasanter spot you never spied.
You ask, why is this ditty?
'Tis because when I think of the years ago,
When all that I knew, indeed, suffered so
From studies, 'twas a pity.
Studies!
They fought with the Latin and cut the German,
The poor One Bees just out of their cradles,
And hated their lessons as tho they were
vermin,
And licked the soup from the lunch room ladles;
Kicked when the teacher gave lessons too much,
Laughed and sang and carried on such
That even in assembly when speeches were long,
They drowned the speaking
With shrieking and squeaking,
Yet will any one say they were wrong?



CHARLES BOPP HATES TO EAT
BECAUSE IT SPOILS HIS
APPETITE.

AS TOLD BY A SENIOR

By GRACE J. SCHULTZ

Here we are at last, thank goodness!
It was an awful strife
But at last we're mighty Seniors,
Our greatest aim in life.
We've worked; we've played; we've wasted time,
We've sometimes just slid thru.
Troubles have come, and often praise,
But now for something new.
We can look upon these others
As insignificant, indeed.
We can laugh at them and chide them
And tell them what they need.
We can now enjoy our labors,
And our high and mighty station.
We can laugh and sing and chatter
And hope for graduation.
We could raise the roof of South Side
And go running thru her halls.
We could stay and eat our luncheon,
While a recitation calls.
But do not think that all is well
Since now we're raised o'er you;
For the teachers would detain us
If we dared to make much noise,
And some would criticize us
If we lacked sufficient poise.
We could chew and eat -indeed, yes,
But soon would come our doom.
Do not think because we're Seniors
We could cut our study room.
For altho we've come to parting,
We are scholars, don't forget.
We must do the same as others;
We're exceptions? No, not yet.
But mighty proud we feel
And hold our heads in air,
For after all, we're Seniors.
Don't you wish that you were there?



Editors

ALFRED MARGOLIS, *Chairman*

JACK BELFER
LEE LEFF

JACOB B. TURK

HOWARD NEWMARCK
HARRY LOWE

THE SAD PARTING

Great Athletes Ring Down Curtain

The graduating class of June 1925 will soon leave this re-voir to its Alma Mater, South Side High School. In its midst there are many athletes who have done far more than merely represent their school in the various athletic activities in which they have participated.

Jack Belfer made the varsity football eleven in '24 after he had had a year of good seasoning on the second team squad. Charlie is a stocky chap and more than once proved to be a "Rock of Gibraltar" while playing guard. He played a clean game and did his level best thruout the entire season. If Bopp should ever grow to be a six-footer and go to college, he might become a great player on the gridiron.

These are the varsity performers the school will miss. There are a few other excellent men.

Al Flusser served on the track team during the years of '22, '23, and '24. Besides being an excellent runner he distinguished himself by playing tennis at which pastime he is a marvel. He did so well that he was elected as captain of the school's tennis team. We expect to hear of him trying with and beating such great stars as Bill Tilden and Vincent Richards.

Among the other boys are Julie Mayers, Jack Roever and Stanley McIntyre. Julie was a member of the track squad in '22 and '23 respectively. He was one of the school's winners, during the period that he was on the team. On account of illness, he did not have much time to athletics and, for that reason, did not develop into a great runner. Jack Belfer and Al Roever played on the second team football team in '23. Both showed great promise of

developing into great stars, but they paid more attention to studies and less to athletics so dropped from the squad.

Stanley McIntyre played second team baseball in '24 and earned his second team "S". This year he has gone out to gain a position on the varsity nine. Stan is a great shortstop and ought to make good this season.

These boys complete the senior athletic list. They have done more than their bit to keep South Side in the athletic world. It will be very difficult to replace them after they graduate. We wish them great success in their future athletic endeavors.

The most outstanding athletes among the graduates are Ali Robbins, Dannie Wardell and Eddie Brooks.

By the graduation of Ali Robbins, South Side will lose one of the best athletes that ever entered its halls. Besides being an excellent baseball player Ali has distinguished himself on the gridiron.

In playing baseball he usually did most of the pitching. His teammates had such great confidence in him that they elected him captain in 1924. Ali was classified as one of the outstanding pitchers of the state. He did not, however, succeed in being named on the All-State nine in his three successive years of baseball activities, because of his playing with a losing team.

On the gridiron Ali played two successive years, in 1923 and in 1924. In the first year of his football career he was only a young stripling and had very little football experience. It was among players such as our great Eddie Schwartz, Ira



Kahn and Jack Lee that Ali learned the fundamentals of the game. In every game of the 1923 season he distinguished himself by offering wonderful interference. The zenith of his fame on the gridiron was reached in the fall of 1924. Ali was our regular signal caller and he showed that he was a capable field general while scintillating at that position. We hope that Ali will try as hard and succeed as well for his new Alma Mater as he has for South Side.

Next on the list of our athletes who will graduate is Daniel Wardell, our supertrack man. Not since the days of Jimmie Pappas has South Side had such a remarkable runner as Dannie.

By making the freshman track team in 1921, Dannie first distinguished himself by his wonderful running. The following year he made the varsity track squad, on which he served for three successive years. In the finals at the City Field Meet in 1924 Wardell entered the seventy-five

yard dash and became champion for that particular event. It was in that same year that the height of his ambition was reached. He equaled Clarence McKim's record by running the two hundred and twenty yard dash in twenty-three seconds flat.

During his career at South Side, Dannie earned three letters in track. We may soon hear of his joining Jimmie Pappas, who is now scintillating at Princeton.

The next two varsity athletes who are going to depart from South Side in June are Eddie Brooks and Charlie Bopp.

Brooks played tackle on the football team in both '23 and '24, and also did most of the team's punting. He was one of our best linemen and often broke up the opponent's pet plays. Brooks deserves great credit for the way in which he always played to gain glory for his Alma Mater.

WHEN ROSES BLOOM AND SPREAD PERFUME

Will You Remember Our Meet?

One year ago on May 10, 1924, South Side staged its first annual outdoor track meet at Weequahic Park. This year, since May 10 comes out on a Sunday, the meet will be held on May 16. This will be our second annual outdoor track meet, and one that will have as much, if not more, competition in it as the Olympic Games of 1924 had. South Side will be represented by a squad which will be worthy of wearing the coveted "S."

Mr. Rose and Mr. Cavallaro are in charge of the meet and from the competition standpoint the writer thinks that this meet will surpass the first in the number of competitors. More sprinters will be able to win the 100 and 220 yard dashes and the broad jump since Jimmie Pappas has left us to choose Princeton as his Alma Mater. The students expected to win their respective events are: Geltzeiler, Newmark, Meister, Wardell, Litwack, Finck, Ertag, Bardack, McKechnie, Gartner, the relay team consisting of Slesinger, Davidson, Wolf, and Kelner, the junior relay team and a few others. There are some "dark horses" tho, and one cannot be sure of winning until the last inch of space is passed.

The High Schools entered to date are: Lincoln, East Orange, Central, East Side, Montclair, Asbury Park, North Plainfield, Chattle, Orange, Columbia, and Irvington.

Many trophies and medals have already been donated.

THERE SHE GOES! ON HER TOES!

All Dressed Up in Her Cute Track Clothes!

This spring a new attraction will be added to our already famous track team. What, a new star? No, no, not *one*!!

Well, you shall not be kept in suspense. The new attraction will be a girls' track team. The girls at last are coming into their own. There will be in fact, four teams: the senior, junior, sophomore and of course, the freshy team will not be forgotten. Plenty of competition eh?

Practise will be started soon and there is no doubt that the girls will come out in full force ready for a track season full of thrills and glory.

Games will be scheduled soon and practise will be held in the gym after school hours. The girls merit congratulations and support for undertaking this enterprise. Here's to their success!

OVER THE TOP WITH SIX RUNS

By Ownie Carroll the Second

On Friday, April 17, 1925, South Side opened its baseball season with Irvington, at the latter's field. The pitching assignment for South Side fell on the shoulders of Douglas Schembs who for Irvington, Georges started on the mound. Schembs' remarkable pitching was the sensation



of the game. Out of twenty-one men that faced him, he struck-out sixteen and walked two, in seven innings. In Schembs, South Side has a second Ownie Carroll, who started on his remarkable career in a game similar to the one pitched by Douglas. At no time were the Irvington batsmen able to collect hits consistently.

Some of the other players who featured in the game were Ali Robbins, third baseman, who, out of four times at bat, managed to make three hits, namely, two one-base hits and one two base hit. The other players who gave an excellent exhibition of fine batting were Captain Splitty Ehrenkrantz, who made two one-base hits, the Cohen brothers who each made two two-base hits, Douglas Schembs, who made a two-base hit, and Harper, Trachin and Adams, each of whom made a one-base hit.

In sizing up this year's baseball nine after the first game, it may safely be said that the team is well balanced and worthy of having the support of the whole student body. They have ushered in the baseball season with a win.

The Line-Up

IRVINGTON

Wilson, 3b
Spach, c
Lyster, cf (capt.)
Ehrenkrantz, lf
Fenna, 1b
Mess, 2b
Leitch, rf-p
Bach, ss
Georges, p
Sakel, p

SOUTH SIDE

Ehrenkrantz, cf (capt.)
Cohen, A, lf
Schembs, p
Robbins, 3b
Adams, rf
Harper, 1b
Blitman, 1b
Schwebel, 2b
Traschin, ss
Cohen, J, c

		R	H	E
South Side	1 3 0 0 0 2 0	6	11	2
Irvington	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	3	2

OUR FAREWELL TO SOUTH SIDE

By GRACE SCHULTZ

Oh South Side,
When first we entered thy dear halls,
This ivy-covered building grand,
We worshipped thee with all our hearts.
Our faith was built on rock, not sand.
Oh South Side,
You've stood the test of our few years,
Your walls have sheltered us indeed;
You've taught us more than books can teach,
You've helped us in our every need.
Oh South Side,
We leave thee 'mid our mingled tears,
Revere thee more than e'er before;
You still shall stand, a mighty place,
With open arms you'll welcome more.
Oh South Side,
To them be as you've been to us,
A mem'ry dear in future years.
Not just a hall of learning, but
A rock on which to shatter fears.
Oh South Side,
We leave thee now a tested friend,
A friend to us for four short years;
But always in our hearts you'll be
Endeared thru all our hopes and tears.
Oh South Side,
With sadness we must say to thee
Farewell, farewell, dear school of ours.
But ever thru all future time,
We'll love thee and thy ivied bowers
Oh South Side,
Farewell!



LEONARD SNYDER ALWAYS
LOVED ENGINEERING AND
AFTER 30 YEARS OF HARD
STUDYING HE IS NOT
ASHAMED TO SHOW HIS
BRIDGE WORK.

Leo Danzis: Didn't I get my last haircut in this shop?

Barber: I don't think so, my boy, we've only been in business two years.

Barber: O, we were discussing our kith and

Small Brother: Yeth, yu wath He asked yu
kith and you thaid you kin.

—Sara-so-tan.

Q Why does a chimney smoke?

A Why does it?



SENIOR HOOZ HOO.



PEARL FINKELSTEIN
INTENDS TO TAKE
UP A GOLF COURSE
AT COLLEGE.



YES SIR! HUBERMAN HAS AN
ARRESTING CHARACTER.



TURKUS HAS A
WEIGH ABOUT HIM.



MAKOWSKY, WHO LIKES
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
WILL PROBABLY BE A
BELL-BOY



BROSS AND AUSTIN HENRY ARE
GOING TO MAKE PLENTY
OF DOUGH IN THIS WORLD



PROF. JERRY VON SLUGGEM
SILVERMAN, ALSO A 4 EYE.



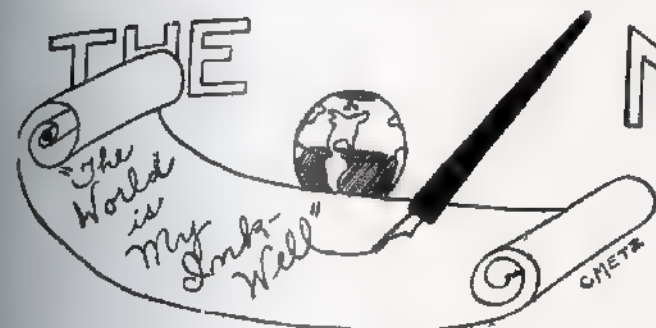
SHEIK ALI ROBBINS
HAS A SUMMER
MUSTACHE—SOME'ER
ON ONE SIDE
SOME'ER ON THE OTHER



MAX SCHACK WILL
MAKE HIS WAY IN
THE WORLD—AS A STREET



THE OPTIMIST



THE MYSTIC PEN

"OMNIA VIDET"

Editor—UNKNOWN

where we begin our work of making THE OPTIMIST a brighter and happier paper, The Pen wants to take the opportunity to congratulate Jack Feldmann and Alex Robbins on their election as junior commissioners. We also wish to congratulate Raymond Nehemkis, James Ozias, Max Levine, three South Side boys, who, he defeated, made a splendid showing

Since this is a senior number and since seniors are famous for their great wit and cleverness, we are going to follow our distinguished contemporary, "Judge," and devote part of this number to "Dumbell's Number."

On a beautiful moonlit night in May, Stanley Jones and Pearl Finkelstein were out riding in Stanley's Reo. "What a wonderful moon that is," said Pearl as she gazed at the earth's satellite. "If I don't like this Reo you can get out," answered Stanley.

Now see, Dora, there is an automobile named Stanley. Stanley thought that Pearl was referring to this car. Of course, Pearl meant the one in the heaven. Foolish chap this Stanley.

For the third time, Sheik Leo Danzis was seen walking down the desert with his mouth closed. Dora Leo never even saw Egypt except on television. Sheik is his nickname, and this quaint fellow based on the fact that Leo is always talking with his mouth three times, so far, he was seen not to have a mouth. Silly fellow, Leo.

At the recent Junior Commissioner election, Alex Robbins spoke at a meeting of a boys' club to obtain some votes. The members were very noisy and finally Ali came to the president. "Why," he said, "the boys are making so much noise I can't even hear you." Whereupon a boy sitting in the front row shouted out, "Cheer up! You're not listening."

In this case, Dora, the boy in the front row did not like Ali's speech very much so he said that if Robbins couldn't hear it he needn't feel bad about it. Of course Alex would know what he was saying but the boy didn't think of that. Very stupid of him.

While the pictures of the 4A class were being taken, the photographer (Melvin Thorner) went in back of the camera and threw a large black cloth over his head and over the camera. Jerome Silverman then cried out, "Take it off, Thorner, we know you."

Listen to the boy, Dora. Isn't he stupid? He thought that Thorner put the cloth on in order to hide his face from the class so that they wouldn't be able to recognize him. Of course, Melvin used the cloth to keep the sun from the film. Jerry's foolish!

Just think of it! There are 140 students in the graduating class, and 112 of them must have pyorrhea!

You see, Dora, there is an ad for toothpaste which says that four out of every five persons have pyorrhea. Four fifths of 140 equals 112, if my trigonometry is all right.

We wrote the above joke(?) during the taking of the class picture. "How many members have we in the class?" we asked Fred Donofrio. Fred took one look at the assembled multitude and replied: "There are 140." "How did you count them so quickly?" we wanted to know. "Oh, it's easy," said Fred. "I just counted all the feet and divided by two."

Now, Dora, wasn't Fred foolish? He would have saved much more time if he had counted all the hairs and divided by five thousand. He always uses the hardest way. Odd chap this boy, Fred.

Here's another Venus. She is called Venus de (Continued on Page 121)

STENOGRAPHERS CLAIMS

DIAMOND.



Name	Nickname	Ailment	Remedy	Known By	How They Got Thru	Fate
Adler, J	Applesauce	Nonentity	Activity	Laziness	Slept thru	Cop
Alpern, S	Stupid	Grin	Muzzle	Silliness	Mystery	Pickpocket
Apfelbaum, I.	Jessie	Timidity	Braveness	No one	Naturally	House wife
Aronowitz, B	Bonita	Beauty	Massages	Face	Ask Dad, he knows	Rabbi
Aronson, M	Peggy	Boy Shy	Flirting	Red cheeks	Time	Old maid
Baletin, J.	Bale of Tin	Crease in pants	Tailor	Fuzz	Goodness knows	Druggist
Bartenow, R.	Rose	Harry W.	Another Harry	Everybody	Skadded	School marm
Baumgarten, S.	Solome	Craziness	Overbrook	Foolishness	Mistake	Padded cell
Belfer, J.	Belcher	Singing	Gak	Songs	Squealed thru	Barker
Berlinrut, C.	Chully	Collar	Buttons	Frizzled hair	Ground	Janitor
Bernstein, D.	Dave	Mary Kein	Anna Silidker	Sweater	Fooled us all	Clothes model
Bopp, C	Fat	Food	Diet	Size	Hate to tell you	Field Marshal
Bressler, C.	Chile	Bow Ties	Four in hand	Himself	Didn't tell	Debauchessen
Broder, H	Hy	Too many to mention	Suicide	Cuteness	Accident	Owner
Brooks, E.	Laddie Boy	Snobbishness	Sociability	Love of self	Passed out	Ballet dancer
Bross, M.	Marty	Optimist	Pessimist	Stories	Wrote	Authoress
Carrol, W.	Willy	Brains	Girls	Honor roll	Worked	Ph.D
Cohen, I.	Yankovitch	Girls	Study	Nobody	Slipped	Scoutmaster
Cohen, S.	Sambo	Solitude	Wild life	Botany	Science	Zoologist
Danzis, L.	Sheik	Hair	Hareut	Hair	Nobody knows	Barber
Davidson, G.	Gordy	Politics	Graft	Whole city	Political pull	Politician
Diamond, F.	Gem	Artistry	Pencil drawing	Silence	Glittered	Jeweler
Diamond, F.	Diamond	Red cheeks	Powder	Hair comb	We wonder	Pyromaniac
Diamond, F.	Arch	Peg nose	Beauty doctor	Flush	Who knows	Traffic cop
Diamond, F.	Arch	Peg nose	Beauty doctor	Flush	Who knows	Telephone operator



THE OPTIMIST

[illegible]



THE OPTIMIST



Name	Nickname	Ailment	Remedy	Known By	How They Got Thru	Fate
Krueger, A.	Uneda	Wiggle	Plaster cast	Height	Stretched	Telegraph pole
Lawrence, E.	Lazema	Secretary	President	Vice-President	Treasurer	Sergeant-at-arms
Levine, M.	Red	File	Water	Hair	We can't tell	Fireman
Levy, H.	Hill	Teeth	Dentist	Teeth	Talked	Conductorette
Levy, J.	Jehosophat	Grape juice	Women	Song	Who, are's?	Sing Sing
Lieberman, L.	Louie	Tes	High shoes	Snappiness	Willy Nilly	Flavorittie
Lifland, B.	Barbard	Ruth K.	Tell Mama	Sox	Makes no diff	Painter
Makowsky, H.	Hetz	Drone	Wake up	Nothing	Art course	Sign painter
Mann, E.	Manny	Cross word	Solution	Inkwell	History	None
Marantz, S.	Sammy	puzzles	Smile	Music	Ask P. G.	Boilermaker
Marzel, J.	Porpo	Grim	French	Map	That's telling	Model for animal crackers
Mayer, J.	Juice	Attendance	Holidays	Looks	Stayed over	Taxi driver
McIntyre, S.	Mac	Money	Dollars and cents	"Dues please"	Bribery	Secretary of Treasury
Miller, H.	Hel	Diameter	Circumference	Radius	Circled	Quadrilateral
Milstein, M.	Mush	Lives on Avon Ave	Move	Pictures	Drew lots	Chorus girl
Murray, D.	Dot	Mac	Wishes	Preckles	Interrogation	Cashier
Neuss, J.	Jackal	Chess	Checkers	Gorewitz	Jumped	Blackwell's Island
Ozias, J.	Jimmie	Ambition	Remember Caesar	Y. M. C. A.	Pull	Priest
Paley, A.	Fairy	Jumping	Shock absorbers	Voice	Baby talk	Kangaroo
Parmelee, C.	Sausage	Insanity	Straight jacket	Baby blue eyes	Teacher's pet	Undertaker
Rauchbach, M.	Maxie	Wise cracks	Lockjaw	Laugh	Launched	Comic editor
Reinhardt, R.	Ruthy	Goodness	Shock	Thousands	Passed	Actress
Ritz, R.	Ritzv	Perfection	Mistakes	Sheik bob	Lease expired	Salesman's wife
Robbins, A.	Allic	No pep	Cold shower	Star athlete	Midnight oil	Bachelor
Roeder, H.	Elene	Soft voice	Megaphone	Whispers	Lack of noise	Hollywood
Roever, W.	Little Willie	Length	Shinking	All saps	Don't care	Postman
Rosenbaum, L.	Pestie	Talkativeness	Wife	Pestiness	Good riddance	Fish vendor
Rosenthal, E.	Cuty	Wormment	Husband	H. Sevrin	Worried	Chorus girl
Rosenthal, F.	Francis	Red hair	Dye	Red	Blinded them	Dog catcher
Rosenzweig, R.	Rodion	Cleopatrina	Find Anthony	Shakespeare	Engl sh	English teacher
Rutkin, S.	Lozo	Sabbathness	Butts	Brains	Merit	Waitress
Sabbat, F.	Puke	Latin	Balking mule	Complasion	Ask Earle	Sausage manufacturer
			Hit on them and	Teas	How	Beauty parlor
				of him	Said to her	Heaven

THE OPTIMIST

Shapiro, S.	Red	History teachers	Drop history	His troubles	Luck	Actor	Victims of factory
Sackles, G.	Gus	Tardiness	A good clock	Niceness	Dragged	Night watchman	Mixed
Sillicker, A.	Sully	Helen	Not that kind	Bow legs	Was pushed	Model	Mixed in factory
Silverman, J.	Jerry	Figures	Shrink it	Concent	Figured on it	Artist	
Silverman, S.	Torchy	Head	A new modiste	Get up	Pity	Chorus man	
Sladek, H.	Elen	Style	Gas	Louis W.	Unaccountable	School marm	
Sobel, L.	Cuty	Music	Boy's bob	Past	Sang	A wild stein	
Solomon, H.	Hairbreadth Harry	Haircomb			Rep	Chef	
Statman, A.	Red	Flirting	Bashfulness	Blowing	Kicked	Chaperon	
Stein, M.	Milly	School	Cutting	Clothes	Smiled	History teacher	
Stefany, E.	Em	Good Fellow	Doesn't need any	Stillness	Swam through	Awful	
Stoll, A.	Sto	Shyness	Love affairs	Girls	Talent	Principal of Normal	
Strauss, S.	Babe	Tongue	Cut it off	Laughter	Good nature?	Side show	
Strubbe, F.	Fritz	Ice Cream	Pills	Father	Why?	Iceman	
Snyder, L.	Nelly	Nature	Daily Dozen	Ways	Somehow	Shyster lawyer	
Taylor, E.	El	Roughness	Spanking	Blue eyes	Drag	Movie pianist	
Turkus, S.	Stanislaus	Eyes	Blinders	Piffles	Looked wise	Rutgers	
Van Houten, E.	Eva	Behavior	Seventh period	Some of us	Nerve	Governor of Texas	
Vantosh, M.	Morry	Temper	Cold water	Wildness	Unnoticed	Peanut vendor	
Walsh, G.	Walshy	Powder	Gun powder	Short dresses	Teacher's pity	Bathing beauty	
Wardell, D.	Dumpy	Snobbishness	Big drop	Only the fair	Braveness	Cannibal	
Warner, A.	Annie	Work	A long vacation	Optimist Board	Hard to say	Golf model	
Warner, M.	Porky	Talks and talks	Gag and gas	Mouth	All hot air rises	Auctioneers	
Weisleder, C.	Charleston	Movie star	Starvation	Bolones	Acted	Bob-haired bandit	
Weisman, N.	Dopy	Light suit	Mud	Expressions	Scared 'em	Prohibition agent	
Wishnevsky, H.	Wishne	Nom de plume	A new one	Rose B	Do tell	Fiskimo	
Wood, M.	Maggy	Fashion	Long past	Bangs	Danced	Wireless operator	
Wyckoff, K.	Keno	Stories	Solitary confine ment	Fame	Loved himself	Wealthy sport	
Warshawsky, D.	Nunny	Haircomb	Stacombe	Lingo	Did he?	Optometrist	
Waxman, I.	Spumoni	Teeth	Dentist	Brief case	So-so	Atlanta	
Zlotnick, A.	Kabibble	Mondays	More Fridays	Inmates of 208	Age of miracles	Rum runner	



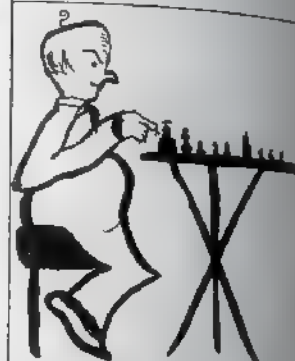
SENIORVILLE



AFTER RIDING A PONY FOR
FOUR YEARS WARSHAWSKY
SHOULD MAKE AN
EXCELLENT COMPUNCHER



DWARFMAN PROTECTS HIMSELF
FROM BEING STEPPED UPON
BY A PEDESTRIAN



NEUSS HAS CAUSED MANY
KINGDOMS TO FALL—AS A
MEMBER OF THE CHESS CL.



SIR SOLMAN FITZPATRICK
BAUMGARTEN



"CIRCULATION MANAGER"
JIM OZIAS



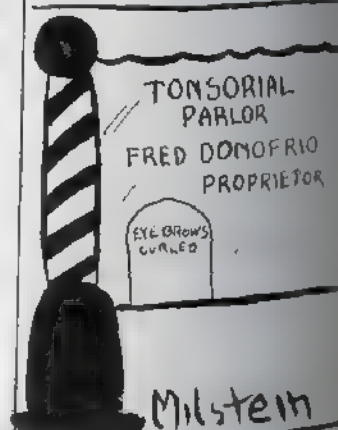
GOLLENDER IS IN THE
HALL OF FAME AS THE
CHAMPION SOUR TOMATO
EATER OF THE WORLD



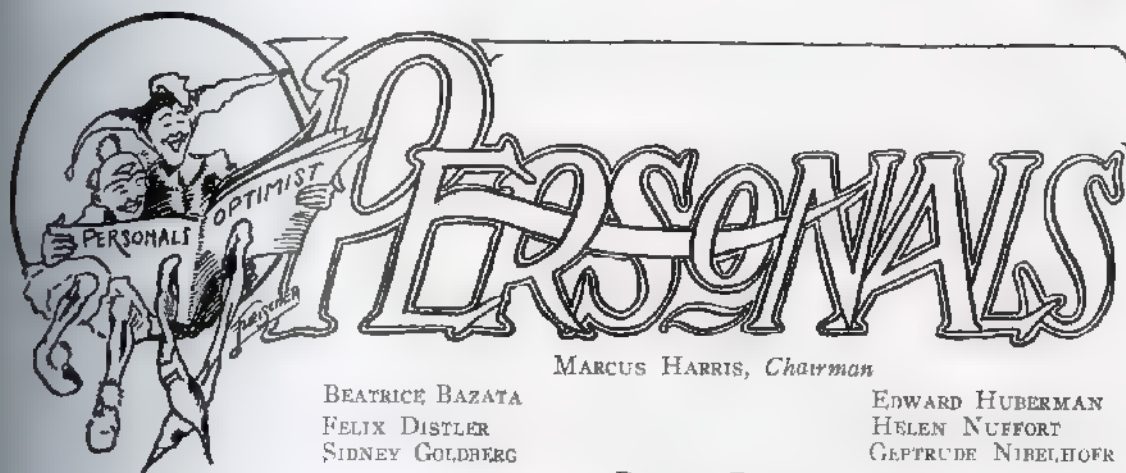
SID ALPERN—
LATE AS USUAL



DIAMOND HAS
CLEANED UP MANY
BIG JOBS



Milstein



ADVICE TO ANY SENIOR FOR THE NIGHT OF GRADUATION

1. When entering the auditorium, walk slowly and stately. (If you hurry, people might think you're actually glad you're getting out.)
2. Don't trip up the stairs; it just isn't being dignified.
3. Take your seat gracefully, but make sure your chair is really in back of you.
4. Upon receiving your diploma, smile prettily, bow your head and look as if you really deserved it. Say "thank you," but don't wait for a "you're welcome, I'm sure."
5. Listen attentively to all the speeches, even when you may be bored.
6. Upon leaving do the "slow and stately" walk again.
7. Then—just try and find your friends and relatives.

Max Shack has just accepted a position as a draftsman in a pencil factory.
 Sam H. mowitz has just obtained a job in a machine factory.
 Jack Rosenthal has been employed by a talk-machine company as an inspiration to the graph.
 Bob Bross has already hired a studio where he will sell stories. Martin makes 'em while you wait. Five n cents each. It won't take him long to make a fortune.

Q: What have you been doing all summer?
 A: I had a position in my father's office.
 Q: And you?
 A: I wasn't working, either.

MARCUS HARRIS, *Chairman*

EDWARD HUBERMAN
 HELEN NUFFORT
 CECILIE NIBELHOFF

DOROTHY ZAPETKA

Peggy Aronson: My father just bought an expensive Rembrandt.

Murray Kempler: Any nice American car is good enough for me.

A few weeks ago Pearl Finkelstein met the only, only one at a dance. After the seventh dance her ideal (S. T.) asked:

Who's that glum looking fellow over there? He's been following us all evening.

Pearl Finkelstein: Who? That miserable, half-starved dumb-looking thing? Why he's only the fellow who paid my way in.

Hetz Makowsky: Why do the girls laugh at my beard?

Harry Wischnesky: Because it tickles them, I suppose.

Nowadays, we Seniors are worrying about which picture to give our Best Girl or Vice Versa.

Teacher (In English): Is the "s" soft in the word "fusion."

Bright Senior: Feel it and see.

In English: We will now write our oral compositions.

Teacher: What is an abstract quality?

D. Wardell (without hesitation): Love.

J. Ozias: Go on, that's courage.

Selwyn B. (in Lab.): Come on Dave, give me that dish. I was man enough to lend it to you.

Dave G.: Yes, but you're not man enough to take it back.



THE OPTIMIST



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCREAM

CAST

Aw-go-on.... Eluf King
 Muck..... A Naughty Eluf
 Hermetic.....Our Heroine
 Meander.....Hermetic's Sweetie
 Helenmaria.....A Wallflower
 Dementia.....A Would-Be Sheik

Act I Scene 1

Time: Tomorrow

Place: Choose Your Own

Hermetic: Good gosh, Meander, you're thick! How many times do I gotta tell you my old man is tryin' to hand me to that gas-bag Dementia? You'll sure get your block knocked off if the old boy ketches you moonin' around here; so beat it while your shoes are good!

Meander: Hermetic, m' love, I cannot depart without you departin' too. At 9:30 I'll be outside in my lizzie and like two coo coos we shall rattle away to distant lands and get hitched maybe in Rahway!

Hermetic: O-o-o-o-h! Meander! I-dor-ible! Sure thing! Say, but you don't mind if I let Helenmaria in on this, now do you?

Meander: Well, I don't trust that there green-eyed friend of yours too far! She's a cat if there ever was one!

Hermetic: Meander, you're the cat, and that's no fable! Yoo-hoo, Helenmaria!

(Enter the Vamp) Helenmaria: Wot's bitin' you?

Hermetic: Me and Meander's gonna flew the coop and we're askin' you to come as slop-a-long! Are you on?

Helenmaria: Darn tootin' I am! When do we tee off?

Meander: 9:30 sharp, and you can sit on the spare tire!

(Exit Meander and Hermetic)

Helenmaria: If I can only get hold o' that boob Dementia, and tell him, he'll trot along and mebbe on the way he'll forget Hermetic in the excitement and fall for me! (Exit)

(Curtain)

Scene II

Time: Later

Place: Another

(Enter Dementia pursued by Helenmaria)

Helenmaria: Say Dementia, what's de rush? I gotta honest t' goodness tip that Meander and your lady-friend are gonna beat it out of town tonight. Waddyuthink of that?

Dementia: M' gosh, do youse mean it, or are

ya lyin' for a change?

Helenmaria: 'Onust, they're headin' for Rahway at 9:30 and I'm goin' along too!

Dementia: Thanks a lot, old gal, for the tip I'm goin' along only they don't know it yet! Hermetic thinks she can double-cross me she's gotta 'nother think comin'! Huh!

(Exit)

Helenmaria: Oh, boy! Here's where I shade!

(Curtain)

Act II—Scene 1

Time: Same

Place: (Sh! It's a secret!)

Aw-go-on: See here, Muck, these oil cans they call themselves mortals are all mixed up. There's two duds after one jane and then there's another wot's dished out of even one Johnnie. You see if you can get this here Dementia chap to fall for this Helenmaria woman and let Meander have his sweetie to hisself.

Muck: You know me, Aw! See y' later! (Flies off)

(Curtain)

Scene 2

Time: 10:30

Place: Several miles from Hermetic's hangout

Meander: Can you beat that? I'm out o' gas! You two ladies stay here 'til I toddle back to the nearest filling station.

Hermetic: We'll wait right here, love

Helenmaria: Sure thing, right here, old top!

(Exit Meander with a "growler" on his arm)

Hermetic: Well, Helenmaria, my deah, we might as well make ourselves homely; since w' love tries to elope on a gill o' gas, I guess we're here for the night.

(Curtain)

Scene 3

Time: Same

Place: Along the road

Muck: Here he comes! The gink I'm after! Hip, hip hooray! One whiff of this and he falls for the first female he sees!

(Enter Meander. Muck flies to him, alights on his nose and rubs some of the Fairy Limburger on the tip of it.)

Meander: M' gosh, what's that? (Walks on)

THE OPTIMIST



Muck Tee hee! He's cooked! (Flies off)
(Curtain)

Scene 4

Time: Later than ever

Place: Same as Scene 2

Enter Meander. Steps on Helenmaria who is on the middle of the road.)

Meander: Helenmaria, darling, I'm back agin'. Shall we proceed?

Hermetic: Meander, be yourself!

Meander: Pipe down, Hermetic! Helenmaria, are you comin'?

Helenmaria: Wha-wha-what??!!

Hermetic: Are you daffy? Meander, don't git it!

Meander: Aw, 'shut up, will you? Nobody needs you!

Hermetic starts to weaken and weep, and Helenmaria, dazed, starts running around in a circle.)

Are you ladies coocoo? Cut it out will you, or gettin' me dizzy!

Curtain (quick)

Act III—Scene 1

Time: Can't tell, my watch stopped

Place: As near as possible the same as Act II

Scene 1

AW GO-ON: Muck, you dumb-bell, now you've made a wreck of it! Why you dumb, ignorant, rambunctious, blubbering ignoramus, you charmed the wrong guy!

Muck: Sez which?

AW GO ON: You heard me what I said! Don't sass me!

Muck: All right, all right, my error. I'll go fix it too sweet!

(Curtain)

Scene 2

Time: Discontinued indefinitely

Place: Same as Act II—Scene 2

Enter Muck. The fight is still on.)

Muck: Ye gods, what bedlam! An' to think we are responsible for all these. Aha! Here comes the other goof. Oh, boy! *He's my meat!*

Enter Dementia. Muck charms him. But he, spots Helenmaria first.)

Dementia: Helenmaria, you sweet child, where have you been all these years? How is it I didn't see you sooner?

Helenmaria: Huh?

Meander: Dementia, go chase yourself. Helenmaria is my sweet mama!

Dementia: What do you mean? How do you mean that way? G'wan back to your Hermetic!

Hermetic (thru the "rain"): He-he-he th-th-th-m-m-me down for th-that c-c-c cat, there!

Meander: Where do you get that stuff? Threw you down? Why, woman, I never took you up, even!

Hermetic: O o o-o-h!

(faints)

Curtain (double quick)

Scene 3

Place: Same

Muck: This is awful! Now what'll I do? Good night! *I know!* I'll "cheese" Meander again, when he's right next to Hermetic and then it will all be O. K.!

Meander: Helenmaria!! Come to ya sweet papa!

Dementia: Helenmaria, don't shake me now!!

Hermetic: Meander, my sheik, come back!

Helenmaria: Good grief!

(Hermetic faints again, towards Meander.

Muck rubs the magic "ointment" on Meander's nose, who, in turn, side steps Hermetic and watches her as she falls by.)

Meander: Sweet Hermetic! What's eatin' you? (Picks her up.)

Hermetic (waking up): Huh? Meander, have you came home to your honey?

Meander: Why, lovey, I never was away.

Hermetic: You mean you were only kiddin' me with that Helenmaria bunk?

Meander (bewildered): I I guess so!

Hermetic: Oh Meander!

(Helenmaria and Dementia, meanwhile, have been sitting on the mudguard of the flivver, talking.)

Dementia: So you mean we're engaged, Helenmaria, darling, sweet, honey bunch?

Helenmaria: Yes, love. (Fade out)

Muck (as he flies off): So that's attended to!

(Curtain)

FINIS

Student: What does "Oui" mean?

French Teacher: O, u and i.

One of our illustrious Seniors was heard making a surprizingly bright statement. He said that when you compress a sponge you are really compressing the holes.

Pearly Finkelstein: Anita, I heard something very nice about you today.

Anita Krueger: Did you?

Pearly Finkelstein: Yes, a friend of yours said your face resembled mine a little.

Alg. Teacher: Is his answer right or wrong?

Gordon Davidson: Yes!



THE OPTIMIST



OUR SENIOR FOLLIES

Laugh Clown, Laugh—The teacher's giving us sixes.

Much Ado About Nothing—Chess and Checker Club.

The Show Off—Anna Silidker.

The Swan—Charles Bopp

The Little Angel—Jules Mayers.

A Comedy of Errors—Our football games.

The Music Box—Mr. Gordon's orchestra

The Beggar on Horseback—Ed. Brooks in his Ford.

The Long and Short of It—Jack Feldmann and Mickey Harris.

The Adding Machine—Our class treasurer.

Vanities of 1925—Seniors on the night of the Prom.

Teacher: The next person who disturbs the class will leave the room.

Bross: Hurray!

Peggy Aronson: I see by to-night's paper that Paris says they are going to wear their dresses longer

Makowsky: It's a good thing. You never wear a dress over a month.

HER WEAKNESS

Jack Feldman: Where do you have the most difficulty in making a speech?

Anita Krueger: In my knees.

Gordon Davidson: Were you hurt while on the eleven?

Ali Robbins: No—while the eleven was on me.

1st Senior: Boy, but I'm hungry!

2nd Senior: Well, I could eat myself.

(New kind of cannibalism, say we.)

MNPLQZ

By MARTIN G. BROSS

A is for Adler, so full of good grace,

B is for Berlinrut, swarthy of face

But I do quite assure you in specific words

That I'm not going down thru that whole list of birds

ODE TO JOE MARZEL

Roses are red,

Violets are blue;

Mush is soft,

Your head is, too.

THE IDLE DREAMER

By SIDNEY G. GOLDBERG

I saw a ship pass by one day

Upon the calm blue sea;

And as it slowly sailed away

It brought new thoughts to me.

I wished that I could some day sail

To countries far and wide

Where only joy and peace prevail,

Where lovers may confide.

I'll build a nest out there for two,

And then go home again;

I'd bring my sweetheart ever true

To this cosy little glen.

In the quaint old-fashioned style

We'd love and happy be;

And maybe in a little while

I'll change my home for three.

Alas! I have no one to share

This empty house with me

And while it's empty way out there

I'll gaze out on the sea.

DEMOCRACY

Teacher: Let us say, for example, that the is a family of five people. Four of these people

Anna Silidker: Have Pyorrhea.



THE OPTIMIST

AND ONCE AGAIN YOU HEAR IT!

H Solomon: Pawn your shoes, but pay your dues.
 N Flusser: Lend me your prose.
 K Wyckoff: I got ten.
 Warshawsky: What'd I get?
 Mildred Warner: Really?
 P Finkelstein: *Write some jokes!!!*
 Alexander Robbins: You don't say.
 Ed Huberman: Oh, I'm so busy.
 Marcus Harris: Hello. (Sweetly.)

WHAT WOULD WE DO IF

Walt Kastner and Ken Wyckoff didn't get on the honor roll?
 Peg Aronson came to school on time?
 Baumgarten did his homework?
 Neuss didn't win his chess game?
 Statman did a chemistry experiment?
 Helga Feddersen wrote poetry without "ups"?
 Nat Weisman was seen without Dave Levy?

(Always Together)

OUR OWN SIAMESE TWINS

(Can't Be Parted)

R & Goldstein—Marie Kotler.
 Nat Flusser—Gus Sickles.
 Peggy Aronson—Murray Kempler.
 Helen Fleischmann—Lillian Sobel.

SOME SENIORS' FOREIGN APPELLATIONS

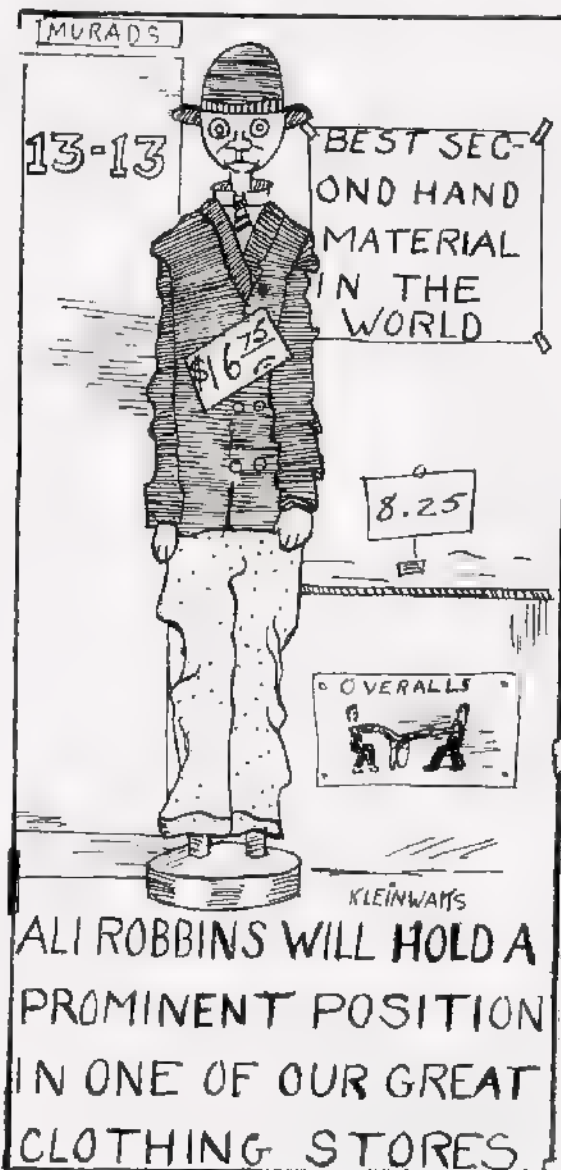
Baumgarten, Jardin de Arboles—Garden of Trees
 Schwarz Negro—Black
 Eastman Aldeano—Villager
 McIntire Hijo de Todo—Child of All
 Marcel Onda de Marcel—Marcel Wave
 Paley Pálido—Pale
 Aschell Valle de Guerra—Valley of War
 Green Cura Hebráico—Jewish Priest
 Huberman Amigo de Almas—Friend of Souls
 Hombre Sobrenatural—Superior Man
 Weisman Hombre Sábido—Wise Man
 Green Hombre de Monte—Man of the Mountain
 Lerner Alúd—Avalanche
 Arment Ganado—Sheep
 Krenthal Valle de Rosas—Valley of Roses

Anna S. Helen dear, you musn't go down the wrong stairs.
 Helen C. Herman: Why not?
 Anna S.: The teacher, who is following us, will like it.

A LABORATORY LOVE SONG

By ARTHUR STATMAN

Oh, come where the Cyanides silently flow
 And the Burettes drop on the Oxides below,
 Where the rays of Potassium glow on the hill
 And the song of the Silicates never is still.
 Come, oh, come,
 Tumti-tum-tum.
 Peroxide of Soda and Uranium.
 When Alcohol boils at eighty degrees,
 Oh—back to the song of Manganese,
 While Alkalis flourish and Acids are free
 My heart shall be constant, sweet Science to thee.
 Yes, to thee,
 Fiddle-dee-dee.
 Zinc, Borax and Bismuth and $O_2 + C$.





THE OPTIMIST



Autographs

Autographs



THE OPTIMIST



SPECIAL VACATION OFFER

Want to Dance?

Here's Your Chance!

This advertisement and the sum of \$5.00 entitles you to a course of ten (10) class lessons.

Beginners' classes—Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings

Advanced classes—Tuesday and Thursday Evenings

Private lessons daily

M. C. Richard's Studios

653 BROAD STREET

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Telephone Market 9950

Name _____

Address _____

METAMORPHOSES

(Continued from Page 14)

He trod stealthily toward the corner of the next house, around which the object of his suspicions crouched. Then came hurried footsteps behind the ill-fated guard! He wheeled about—too late. A blow! A thud! And he was out of the way.

Aegensturm worked feverishly, his whole mind centered on the work in hand. That shining, silvery liquid in the trough before him was mercury. Now he flashed his electric charge across it, shot a spray, many times colder than ice, above it. Not quick enough that time. The mercury lost too many electrons per atom, and became some reddish-hued, soupy stuff, unknown to chemistry, but then, as the spray was removed at once, the stuff gradually returned to the mercury form.

Again did the Professor try his idea of the electric charge and spray—much more quickly this time. He kept the spray on for several minutes. A step sounded out in the hall. Gold glittered before the eyes of the chemist in the rays of the bright electric lights. (The shades had been lowered because of the great importance of the work.) Some one seemed to be feeling around the hall wall.

Aegensturm, oblivious to everything else, rubbed his hands in satisfaction then gleefully prepared to start the next part of this extraordinary ex-

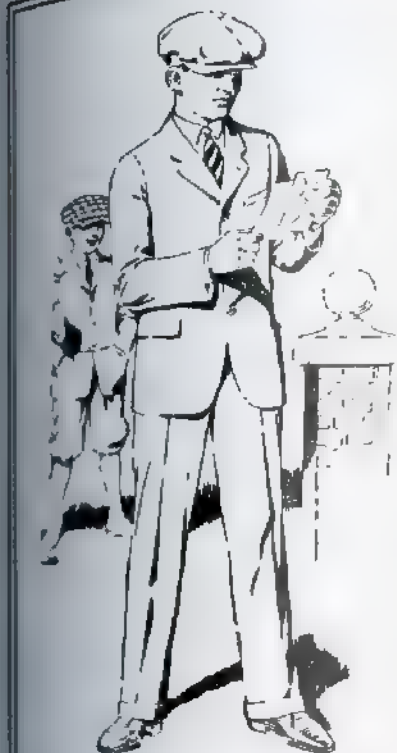
periment.

The charge—the spray—platinum! Platinum! A trough full of unalloyed platinum! The Professor almost cried with joy.

The hands without ceased feeling! They had located their goal! Something was opened out in the hall. A click—and out went the lights. The key in the door was shoved out and clattered to the floor! Aegensturm looked about him in dismay—too stunned to let up the window shades. Another key was inserted from the other side. The Professor reached into his pocket and drew out a match. The door opened. The match flicked indistinctly. A pistol was leveled Aegensturm screamed in despair. A shot! The cry of a doomed man! A scurry of feet—a loud crash—the retreating footsteps—silence.

Then came loud cries from outside. A multitude careened down the hallway and into the room. The shades were raised.

There, upon the floor, lay the dead genius. His smashed apparatus was scattered about. An overturned trough lay near-by, and there, running out from the trough, and mingling with the crimson life blood of Aegensturm, was a steady stream of—the silver-hued mercury.



Once There Was a Fellow—

who went to high school for two years and yet nobody noticed him. Then one day he went to Larkey's. The next day he almost started a riot among the girls at school. Why? The short coat, the wide trousers, the stub vest and the latest light gray fabric. Before the week was over he received four invitations to parties and two bids from fraternities.

But really, fellows, if you want a classy suit, either single or double-breasted, with an extra pair of trousers or knickers, or a fine topcoat, come to see Larkey. The prices are lower than you think.

To "go over big" you must dress the part.

The LARKEY Co.

Corner Market and Halsey Sts. Newark, N. J.

Open Evenings Till 9; Saturdays Until 10:30.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A SENIOR

By GRACE J. SCHULTZ

(Apologies to Sir John Suckling)

Why so pale and wan, poor Senior?
 Prythee, why so pale?
 Well, if studying hard can't pass you,
 Being dumb prevail?
 Prythee, why so pale?
 Why so dull and mute, poor Senior?
 Prythee, why so mute?
 Well, when nines and tens can't pass you,
 Fives and sixes do't?
 Prythee, why so mute?
 Quit, quit for shame! This will not do
 Near graduation.
 If of yourself you can't get thru,
 No consolation
 Just flunk-uation!

Now there's our treasurer Mac,
 For finance he had a knack;
 He was good in baseball,
 And in his subjects all,
 But his size! There was the lack!

Eleanor Lawrence, a very sweet lass,
 Is liked by all in the senior A class.
 To be in her company is a rare treat.
 And as a good sport she cannot be beat.

Kastner: Are we going to have another test tomorrow like the one today?

Math. Teacher: Oh, no, tomorrow we'll have an examination

There was a senior named Sim
 One day he tried to cut Gym,
 He had such a swelled head,
 But his vanity fled
 When he saw the six so grim.

Oh, up the upstairs you will go;
 Around this building march just so,
 Don't try to get by,
 You'll turn with a sigh,
 You see we have tried it and know.

Why try to bluff in the class,
 And help each other, *en masse*?
 When it comes to a test,
 Tho you try your best,
 That way, you never will pass.



Countless Hostesses

have achieved a Reputation with the Cooperation of

DAY CATERER

899 BROAD STREET
NEWARK

Phone Bigelow 0597

Weequahic Beauty Shoppe

SEIKEL SISTERS, Props.

Hair Dressing, Marcel Waving,
Manicuring, Shampooing, Scalp
Treatment, Facial Massage

1023 BERGEN STREET
Between Mapes and Lehigh Avenues
Newark, N. J.

All Instruments

Taught, Sold, Exchanged, Repaired
Call, write, or phone Market 1128 for
particulars. Open evenings

FRANKLIN STUDIOS

25 NEW STREET
(Next to Hahne & Co.)
Newark, N. J.

SIMPLE SENIOR

(With Apologies to Mother Goose)

Simple Senior met a teacher,
Going up the stairs;
Says Simple Senior to the teacher,
"Yuh didn't mark me fair."
Says the teacher unto Senior,
"Let me see you work."
Says Simple Senior to the teacher,
"You know I'm no shirk."
He went to work to get some nines,
And put an end to sixes,
He started, then, some monkey shines,
And, so, he got in fixes.
He tried to write a lovely theme,
And make a good impression,
But all he got for his good scheme
Was zero for his lesson.
He tried right hard to pass exams;
But, wo, it was too late.
He found that every guy who crams,
To flunk will be his fate.

SIX

Six, six, come off of that card,
Or else I'll erase you very hard.
Six, six, turn upside down,
Oh, here comes my old man with a frown!

IN PLASTER HALLS

(With Apologies to Mother Goose)

In plaster halls as white as milk,
Painted in colors soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
Golden knowledge doth appear;
Six doors there are to this stronghold,
Where studes break in and steal the gold

I wonder if the P. G.'s hang around our sen. e
girls or is it vice versa?

It is quite evident in the case of some seniors
that they have that which the intellectuals call
the "superiority complex."

Sometimes it is astonishing, even to the mem-
bers, that the whole of Room 60 is not thrown
out of the assembly.

I wonder who the girl is in Room 59 that
causes Barney Lifland to stray out of his usual
path?

I thought and thought until I came to the con-
clusion that the reason why Leonard Snyder is
popular with the girls is because he (almost)
looks like the "Arrow Collar" man.

I think the students who sit near Martha Iscoe
in her classes would be pleasantly surprised if
she brought her own supply of paper and pencils

THE OPTIMIST



Optometrist
Optician

HILBORN

19 West Park St.
Newark, N. J.

Does Your Child See a Clean Bright World

Five million children in this country are handicapped by imperfect vision. Children can't tell you about it because they've never seen through any eyes but their own.

How can you be sure **your** child is not thus pitifully handicapped? All his grown-up years may depend upon your action **now**.

9 A. M.-6 P. M.

Market 5285

I wish Helga Feddersen would whisper in my ear the name of the beauty parlor where she had her hair bleached.

Since the scientists say that no hair can grow on any part of the body used continually, some of our senior girls need never fear growing a beard on their chin.

We try every clever ruse
To keep from paying our dues
For cream and shows
Our money goes,
But for dues we flatly refuse.

There was a fine fellow named Bross
In the throes of writing he'd toss
Both stories and plays,
Fine ballads and lays!
For words he's never at a loss.

Sam Levy, the Doctor's son,
Is happy-go-lucky and full of fun;
At the foot of the class he will always be
Because of his love for jollity.

Sammy Wardell can sprint a good mile
And in his appearance he has good style;
In the senior A class he now is the sheik

And is growing more popular week by week.
Davidson is at his studies a shark,
He never fails to get a good mark.
Endless success is waiting for him,
And his brilliancy dazzling will never grow dim!

He met her at a football game
And things were going fine.
He took her to a show that night,
Then they went out to dine.

She was a small, slim, bobbed brunette
As sweet as sweet could be,
And he, a great big husky blonde,
A height of six foot three.

He was so very stunned you know,
Tho she was not to blame,
After she told him who her sweetheart was
Now he'll never be the same.

Harry Ehrenkrantz: Hey Sid, want to do me a favor?

Sidney Goldberg: Surely, what is it?

Harry: I'm writing a theme and I want to borrow your legs for parenthesis.



ATTENTION!

An Automatic Bank Teller Machine has been installed in your School as a means of promoting thrift among School boys and girls.

Make use of this method of saving your coins and deposit your stamp in our Investment Department.

Now is a good time to start laying aside your vacation money.

CLINTON TRUST CO.
515 CLINTON AVENUE
Newark, N. J.

Phone Mulberry 0800

SIMON DAVIS

The Real Caterer

943 BROAD STREET

**Get Our Estimate Before Repairing
Your Car**

All Work Guaranteed

ATWATER-KENT RADIO

**PEERLESS AUTO
SERVICE, Inc.**

71 ELIZABETH AVE.

A burglar was caught running away from a certain house in Newark. His story to the lieutenant was as follows:

Y' see, boss, when I goes inta dis here kid's house, I hears him say to his pal over the 'phone, "Hello, that you, Jack? If you want to, I'll cut gym with you to-morrow." So I says to meself, "I aint gonna fool around wid no kids dat goes around cuttin' guys up jes' fer nuttin' attall!"

Physics Teacher: Does every body understand it?

Class: Yes!

P. T.: Are you sure? Litwack, do you understand it?

Litwack: Yes.

P. T.: Then every body *must* understand it!

1st Stude: Is she talkative?

2nd Stude: Is she talkative! Why she could start a report of jungle fever in Iceland.

A pretty girl once called her penniless suitor a skunk, but he reminded her that he hadn't a cent

People who pain us severely:

1. Our adored teacher who calls our names in

a strange unpronounceable manner which we don't understand until our neighbor tells us we were called on.

2. People who give us sudden shoves when we are quenching our thirst at the fountain in the hall.

3. Teachers who examine our homework carefully just the day we skipped over it lightly

4. Teachers who forget to collect homework when we know ours is perfect.

Sissietty Notes: Aaron Warner, whose head is like the ocean, full of waives, an' Sylvia Ruth an' Pearl Finkelstein, all loyal Southe Siders, went to the Linkun Tract Team Meeting. But wen they reached Jersey Sity, thay dubunt to where to go. So they asked a l Bee Ecmagne it!!! But they got there just the same

SENIOR SPORTS

Anita Krueger—Tennis.

Daniel Klein—Studying.

Irene Kuperman—Talking.

Leonard Snyder—Girls.

Helga Feddersen—Powdering her face

Ella Guttman—Reading.

Ernestine Rosenthal—Henry.

Edna Mann—Joking.



THE OPTIMIST



You are now educating and preparing yourself for the future.

The opportunities that will present themselves in the business and professional world will require capital.

Save a little each week to be in a position to use your education and take advantage of the opportunities as they are presented.

LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK

1005 BROAD STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

at Kinney St.

Whenever anyone is calling a taxicab, e. g., "Red Top, Red Top," we wonder whether to help find the cab or look for Arthur Statman.

Abe Sturm: What do you say Helen, want to go out for supper tonight?

Helen Fleishmann: Sure, where?

Abe: Up your house!

SILLY BILLY

By Mittler





TYPEWRITERS

Rented at Special Rates to Students
Rebuilt Machines, All Makes, Sold

Agents for Corona, Underwood and
Remington—Portable Machines

Supplies and Repairs

Newark

Typewriter Exchange

9 Beaver St. Newark, N. J.
Phone Market 4430

Phone Market 9430

Largest Retailers in the State

Washington Florist

**FLORAL DESIGNERS AND
DECORATORS**

577 BROAD STREET
and Central Ave.
Newark, N. J.

Graduation Bouquets Our Specialty
Orders Promptly Filled and Delivered

My Own Recipe

There's a recipe to make good dough
That results in a tasty tart,
But the recipe that you all must know,
Is the one for my sweetheart.

Add a winning smile
To a face that cannot frown,
And after you've stirred awhile,
Add two eyes big and brown.

A dimple on each rosy cheek;
Two lips of bright red hue;
A pretty mouth that cannot speak
Of things worth listening to.

Now if you've followed my directions,
And to your work have earnestly bent;
You will find for your inspections
The prettiest girl on the continent.

Peggy Aronson: If I plant this seed, will an
orange tree come from it?

Teacher: Surely, and there would be oranges
on it, too.

Peggy: Isn't that wonderful? This is a tomato
seed, too.

Jack Feldman (in lunch room): How's the
chicken?

Pretty Cook: Fine, how's yourself?

He: Was your grandmother angry because
you didn't get home until 3 A.M.?

She: I didn't wait until she got in to find out.

AN HONEST BOY (?)



EMMANUEL KOHN IS SO HONEST, THAT
HE HAS BEEN WORKING IN A TURNER
BATH FOR 3 YEARS AND NEVER
TOOK ONE.

Swimming Kiddies' Playground

FUN GALORE

at

DREAMLAND PARK

FRELINGHUYSEN AVE.

Newark, N. J.

Dancing

Circus Daily

Phone Market 0865

For Good Dancing

BERRY'S

Dancing Studio

The most beautiful Studio in New Jersey.
Studio may be rented for closed dances.

832 BROAD STREET

(Next to Central Railroad Station)

Phone 5465 Terrace

La Petite Beauty Shoppe

Permanent Waving

Specializing in Hair Dyeing

138 CLINTON PLACE

at Hawthorne Ave.

Newark, N. J.

IL FLUNKEROSO

By MARTIN G. BROSS

Muse of sorrow and lament,
To thee how many have been sent?
Muse of failure and despair,
Thou lured thee to thy lair!
Thou muse of black, forbidding night,
Of dunking, wo, distress, and fright,
We here do not invoke you, tho,
When you near us let steps be slow.
Hence, thou cursed piece of Hell,
Thou ghastly creature—horrid, fell!
Thou daughter of night—from us depart
Thou ride afar in bloody cart.
For our part we'd have naught of thee.
Shend us not! We would be free,
Thou ax is ruthless, savage, dire;
Thy hand hast chains; round thee sports fire.
So go, thou deadly, wicked wretch!
I know that us you'll never catch.
I beat it now with all thy bunk
I assure you WE'LL NOT FLUNK!!

Bright Sayings by Our Younger Set

Order (at beginning of term): Where do
we "gym"?

L' PASSEGO

By MARTIN G. BROSS

Ah, muse of light and kindly face,
How few were ushered in thy place?
Ah, muse of greatest joy and glee,
Thou child of Fun and Jollity!
Thou muse of bright, enticing day,
Of passing, fun, delight and play,
Approach us, muse, we hear thee nigh,
Assist us; we'll praise thee on high.
Welcome art thou forever here,
When thou arrive, there is no fear.
Then hail, O muse! Dance on, thy way,
How blithe thou art, and too, how gay!
For our part we'd have thee at hand
And e'er remain in all our land.
Thy sword is clean and made for peace,
Thy virtue and thy good ne'er cease.
So come, complacent, peaceful maid,
Please come—and from us gloom will fade.
At last she's come to me and you,
Hurrah! I know WE'LL ALL GET THRU!!

Max Herstein: Do you like Balzac?

Martin Littman: I don't know, how does it
taste?



Compliments of

A Friend

Phones 1029 and 1056 Waverly

ELMER D. WILSON
Electrical Contractor

Radio Supplies Electrical Appliances Fixtures

209 CLINTON AVENUE
Newark, N. J.

Phone Terrace 2054

CADILLAC
Cleaners and Dyers

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing and Dyeing
In All Its Branches
Work Called For and Delivered

450 CLINTON AVENUE
Newark, N. J.

Better Clothes for Less Money!

WHY PAY TWO PROFITS ON ONE SUIT?

**Buy direct from the Maker and save the Retailer's profit plus
store expense and clerk hire**

Collegiate and Conservative Models Ready to Wear

Made by Manning

Sold by Manning

Direct From Factory to You

MANNING & CO., Inc.

2 SHIPMAN ST. (Opposite Court House)

THE OPTIMIST

What is the difference between an
OPTOMETRIST and an OPTIMIST?
None—They both make things brighter

DR. JOSEPH H. SALOV
OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN

Suite 107 to 110, the Albert Building
484 Clinton Avenue Newark, N. J.
Between Bergen St. and Chadwick Ave.

Eyes examined and glasses fitted exclusively
Salov's Sight Service Satisfies

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Established 1824
TROY, N. Y.

ENGINEERING
AND SCIENCE

Four-year Courses in Civil Engineering
(C.E.), Mechanical Engineering (M.E.),
Electrical Engineering (E.E.), Chemical En-
gineering (Ch.E.), and General Science (B.S.).
Graduate Courses leading to Master and
Doctor Degrees.

Modern and fully equipped Chemical, Phys-
ical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials
Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets,
showing work of graduates and views of
buildings and campus, apply to Registrar,
Pittsburgh Building, Troy, N. Y.

ALPINE PHARMACY

(Just Down the Hill)

BREYER'S DELICIOUS
ICE CREAM SERVED
AT OUR FOUNTAIN

ELIZABETH AVE.
Cor. Alpine St.

OPPORTUNITY

to learn the
Real Estate Business

GENERAL REAL ESTATE AND MORTGAGE CO.

49 CLINTON STREET
Newark, N. J.

Compliments of

Otto Sarony Studio

707 BROAD STREET

Newark, N. J.

AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT?

Why not make your living by play instead
of work?

Enjoy life as you go and give pleasure to
others.

Be strong and healthy and make others
the same.

Keep yourself well and teach others to do
likewise.

Such is the work and life of a Physical
Trainer.

SAVAGE NORMAL SCHOOL

For Physical Education

Established 1890

Prepares men and women to become super-
visors, directors and teachers of physical
training and hygiene in colleges, schools,
clubs, playgrounds, industrial organizations
and private institutions.

The course includes instruction in athletics,
gymnastics, games, dancing, swimming, com-
munity dramatics and the like, together with
the necessary courses in anatomy, physiology,
hygiene, psychology and education. The
strongest faculty in this country. See Catalog.

Increasing Demand for Teachers in this
work. Salaries better than for grade work.

CLASS LIMITED, REGISTER NOW FOR
CLASS STARTING SEPTEMBER 14th

For Catalog address Registrar at the School,
or

DR. WATSON L. SAVAGE, President
308 West Fifty-ninth Street, N. Y. C.



New English Clothes!

We offer a line of suits and top coats that is replete with the accepted styles and patterns of the moment, and that is characterized by individuality and exclusiveness.

SUITS

One button, two-button and double-breasted Collegiate models for dress and sport.

TOP COATS

Three-button Collegiate Box Back Model and English Guard-Coat.

"Identify Yourself With the Store That Is Identified With Well-Dressed Men"

The Three Star Clothes Shop

M. MELROD, Prop.

107 SPRINGFIELD AVE.

NEWARK, N. J.

Open Evenings Till 9; Saturdays Till 11

MY LATIN CLASS

By HOWARD J. NEWMARK

Of all the classes of the day,
The one that I dread most
Is Cicero, I fear to say
Its knowledge I can't boast.

I enter with a heavy step,
The teacher smiles at me,
And that just leaves me without pep
When I think of what he'll see.

I sit before this demon rare—
He looks at me with glee;
He seems to know I'll tear my hair
When told to parse line three.

And when he tells me to recite
I slowly acquiesce
"Construe from 'ego' to 'ducet.'
Please know and do not guess."

The clock ticks on in silence deep,
My words stick in my throat,
No sound comes out; I almost weep—
Once more I am the goat.

"What is the matter, my dear boy?
You're foolish, sir," says he,
"It gives me pain and not much joy—
This is zero number three."

I slumped into that cursed seat
My glance is downward bent
It looks as tho he has me beat,
Now I am to repent.

Into my weary ears is poured
Construction points and prose
Until my head just seems to roar,
I wish his mouth would close.

Three more go thru this bad ordeal,
And endeavor to grow wise,
The bell rings out a happy peal—
A blessing in disguise.

P. A.: We disturbed mother last night after
you brought me home from the dance.

M. K.: But we were quiet.

P. A.: That's what disturbed her.



The SOUTH SIDE NATIONAL BANK And TRUST COMPANY of NEWARK

"A Community Bank"

959 BERGEN STREET

2% ON CHECKING ACCOUNTS

4% ON SAVINGS

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

STEAMSHIP TICKETS

Every Banking Accommodation. Accounts, Large or Small. Invited.
Come In and Get Acquainted.

A WEARY LOT IS MINE

(With Apologies to Scott)

By KENNETH WYCKOFF

A weary lot is mine, kind friend,
A weary lot is mine!
Over these books my head must bend,
And study each dull line!
The baseball diamond in the spring,
And football in the fall,
My hobbies were. No other thing
Did I enjoy, at all, my friend!
[I] I enjoy, at all.
This month is merry June, you know
This month is merry June!
Now those exams come in a row,
I'll knock it out of tune.
These dull books, bonds of dead men,
And these my studies tough
Make me sit down and study them.
I'll swear it's kind of rough, just now
I'll swear it's kind of rough.

Frank Rosenthal: Why do you call your new
script?
Stanley Turkus: For short. Her name is
Anne Moore.

Phil Ossifer: You can remove false teeth but
a false tongue is permanent

Teacher (discussing disputes to be brought be-
fore World Court): Cases may be brought
before the World Court only by—

Sidney Alpern: Trucks!

A Fitting Epitaph

"This famous artist met his death
Because he couldn't draw his breath."

Dav. G.: What makes my ankles so thick?
Boots: Did you ever stop to realize what a
great calf they have to carry?

Chem. Teacher: By what method do we know
that hydrogen is present in the compound; by
analysis, synthesis, or metathesis?

Voice from rear: Paralysis.

David Geltzeiler: Do you know Ruth, that the
word "sugar" is the only one that begins with
"s" but is pronounced "sh?"

Ruth Geltzeiler: Sure, I knew that long ago.



Telephone 3470 Mulberry

Fire Insurance

Plate Glass

Accident

Burglary

Bonding

Liability

Automobile

JAMES E. WORDLEY

General Insurance

301 ESSEX BUILDING

Scottish Union and National Insurance Co.

Newark Fire Insurance Co.

Niagara Fire Insurance Co.

(Niagara Detroit Underwriters' Agency)

Camden Fire Insurance Association

(Eastern Underwriters' Agency)

Aetna Casualty and Surety Co.

New Zealand Insurance Co.

Merchants Fire Assurance Corp.

THE GREATER OF THE TWO

(Continued from Page 19)

in her eyes.
Honor before love?" queried Derek in a steady voice.
My father has lived for that—honor before—and my mother died for it. I will suffer for it. The answer was perfectly clear. Derek stepped off at the next station.

* * * *

Inez, outwardly the same Inez, hopped off the train with a show of forced gaiety.

At the sight of Charlie her heart leapt with a thrill of the old feeling which she had thought would never return. At his side was some one in a blueingham. Why, it was Sally! The sullen young servant girl had never showed any attachment to Inez, but here she was—come over the weary, jolted miles—to greet her.

Charlie stepped forward with a debonair smile. "Meet the wife," he said.

Inez smiled shyly at Sally. She understood that conversation with him. His face was suffused with a painful red. Inez thought to herself, "Poor Charlie is wearing himself out with agony." She was quite at peace. It had been right to send her away. Regret was vain and besides there was poor lonely old Dads. Charlie interrupted the even flow of her thoughts after the many changes of Sally.

"Great doin's at your old man's, Miss Inez. He's got hisself married again—to Hannah Burdett—the parson's widow."

A stony silence descended on the three.

"Turn the car back, Charlie, I'm not going home," said Inez steadily.

She had not lost her self-control for an instant, and so soon as Charlie spoken than she saw the mistake, her father's and her mother's. Love, perhaps not truly greater, was conqueror of sorrow.

* * * *

Derek had a visitor. She was tall and lovely and her eyes were full of love. She came in like a breeze from the south, warm, smiling and fearless. The broad brim of her hat hid her face for an instant. She raised her head as she came toward his desk.

"Derek,"—her voice was not steady now, nor in her care. "Derek, I am here."

The fair-haired angels smiled their blessings. The eternal union of the two was sealed with their first kiss.

NAPOLEON OF FINANCE

(Continued from Page 23)

But his father's advice did not bother Ted. He went on as reckless and as happy as ever.

When Ted met Jimmy the next morning, the latter stood back in admiring awe. Ted told him the whole story, not failing to exaggerate in every way possible the part he had played.

Soon he had a group of seniors around him, treating them to anything they wished and meanwhile repeating the story to any newcomer who had not heard it.

"Why," he boasted, "I could have extracted the dough from every person in Salt Lake City and left their pocket-books as flat as pancakes."

Just then George, the other chum, entered and the story of the adventure was repeated to him.

"So you just came from Salt Lake City, maybe you know something about this," said George pointing to some headlines in the "Morning Courier" which read as follows:

RICH CARNOTITE MINE FOUND IN ONAGUM MOUNTAINS

Land Owned by Grump Mantle Company,
Said to Contain Radium Ore worth
Millions of Dollars

The collar around Ted's neck suddenly became too tight at the thought of how he had sold this land.

Napoleon had met his Waterloo.

PEARL

By SIDNEY G. GOLDBERG

'Tis not often that we find
A really clever girl,
One who has an active mind
As does a maid named Pearl.
In school she is the brightest lass
Among her many friends.
She's at the head of every class,
Her time she wisely spends.
Now all Pearl's thoughts do not consist
Of problems, books and plays.
For instance, there's THE OPTIMIST,
Whose standards she did raise.
She always sees her work is done
And that it satisfies;
That's why she's loved by every one
And praised up to the skies.

(Advt. paid for)



0460—Phones Mitchell—0461

The HESS Agency, Inc.

Real Estate and Insurance

Ordway Building
207 MARKET STREET
Newark, N. J.

The democracy class was discussing immigration, and the instructor asked the pupils to cite any case or cases concerning the topic. Marcus Harris arose and stated that if he were married to an American woman, he himself being a French citizen, would his wife lose her citizenship in America? After being correctly informed as to the procedure in that case, he wanted to know if he could bring his Japanese wife to America if he were an American citizen, and what his wife would be. Whereupon the teacher answered that his wife would be the plaintiff in suing him for bigamy.

Martha Isgor: I love Latin Prose.
 Pearl Finkelstein: You do? How can you.
 Martha Isgor: It comes on Friday.



SYDNEY SILVERMAN IS SO CONFIDENT
 THAT HE IS LEARNING TO PLAY
 THE HARP.

THE BOHEMIAN

(Continued from Page 12)

tached to her little boy."

Dorothy rushed into Francis' arms Mrs. Hal low looked at them with loving eyes.

"A bishop's son for my daughter's husband," she said proudly to herself.

Gast was getting disgusted with waiting for vacation to come, so he said that by the first of December his time for action would come. Finally December first came around. Gast said:

"I can't wait any longer, I'm going to take a month off." Here upon he sidled up to the calendar and removed a sheet.

H. Rothstein (to L. Burg: Aw 'gwan—you're the biggest sap in this room.

Teacher (indignantly): Quiet boys—and don't forget that I'm in the room.

Most of our senior Latin studees have the same habit as the old negro whose wife told him to get some money for the rent which was overdue as the landlord would dispossess them at noon, the next day if not paid, to which he slowly replied, "Wah worrie now, dere's lot's a time t'morrow."

New Students accepted any Monday

catalog on request
 Market 7907 - 790

C-O-L-E-M-A-N

BUSINESS COLLEGE

Academy & Halsey Sts., Newark

T. KUGLER, JR., Prin.

Only one school—
 one good school



*An invisible Corset, clinging softly to
the body—slim, smart, and exquisitely feminine.*

For Sale at All Leading Stores
Corsettes - Girdles - Brassieres
The H. & W. COMPANY, Inc.
NEW YORK—CHICAGO—SAN FRANCISCO
General Offices and Factory:—Newark, N. J.



Phone Terrace 4323
Established 1914

BAKER BROS.

HONEST ELECTRIC AND
RADIO SERVICE

454 CLINTON AVENUE
Newark, N. J.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

When you are thinking of having a
Dance, Banquet, Initiation or
Meeting

Call on us for Rates.

We Cater to Fraternities,
Sororities and Lodges

Our rates are very reasonable

22 EAST PARK STREET
Newark, N. J.

Ask for Mr. Schwartz, Restaurant Mgr.
Phone Mulberry 3970

FOR SENIORS ONLY

(Read backwards)

Didn't you if classmen lower be wouldn't you.
This read would you knew I.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Cry, and you cry alone,
First, when you've passed your finals,
Next, when you've flunked alone.

MUSINGS OF A SENIOR CONCERNING SENIORS

Walking behind a couple of senior boys, it
struck me that the boys were no better than the
girls when it came to gossiping.

According to a certain French teacher, Charles
Berlinrut would be an ideal student if he did
certain things. I wonder what those things are?

I wonder if Ed. Brooks is practising to be a
great singer at the Metropolitan Opera House?
He permits us to enjoy his music every Tuesday
in assembly; free of charge.

Charles H. Herrick

FURNISHER TO MAN
AND BOY

You will find at this store standard makes
of dependable merchandise.
We aim to please you in every way as to
style, price and service.
We solicit your patronage.

Open Evenings Except Tuesday

239 CLINTON AVENUE
Newark, N. J.

P. S.—Holeproof Hosiery for Women as
well as men.

Phone Waverly 6535



Graduation and the first motor car means much right now to the
Seniors of South Side High School

NEWARK FLINT COMPANY

1016 BROAD STREET

THE LOCOMOBILE BUILT

- - JR-8 - -

will be on display on or about
JUNE 1st, 1925.

The LOCOMOBILE COMPANY
of New Jersey

1006 BROAD STREET
JOHN J. BERGEN, President

THE OPTIMIST

THE PESSIMIST

VOL. 13

No. 3¾

The fools of all races are met on this earth.
—R. T. Choke.



The Pessimist looks on the dark side of life
—the rainy side—the north side.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Association of Melancholy Men has just been formed and we are in favor of its precepts. It has as its motto "Why laugh when it's easier to cry? Fools laugh; moving men cry." The association will in the near future, start a campaign against voluntary happiness. Here's wishing you all old beans!

* * * *

LITERARY

The Flea and the Fireman

By EDMUND TAYLOR

(By whom else could it be?)

In less than thirty seconds the flea, o ravenous beast had reached the second floor—now the fireman's door—now had the beastie entered, miraculously without a key or passport.

A sucking sound came from within. The flea was at his work!

Now he came forth with bloody stiletto. "I'll rub him to bleed others," he muttered grimly, as the lifeless and bloodless fireman lay within.

* * * *

Death is well! I love it! I love to suffer!
Therefore I am suffering Q. E. D., etc.

* * * *

THE OIL BOY (Sketch from Life)

By ISIDORE COHEN

The youngster sold oil at the five and ten—
cheap too, at that!

Seventy years have passed and now the oil boy plays golf at Palm Beach when not clipping coupons. Yes, of course, his initials are J. D. R.

* * * *

Success, bah! I suffer differently. I am under a piano! Bah!

* * * *

MARK TIME, MY CHILD, MARK TIME

By HARRIET LOUISE GEISER

Mark time, my child, mark time I say
Until the dawn of a better day.
Sometime your chance will come in life,
Don't smoke bananas or eat your wife.
But always be a good, small child
Real gentle, courteous, kindly, mild.
Until the day will come indeed
When you'll be glad that you me heed.

* * * *

I'm sinking in the mire!

* * * *

FOILED AGAIN!

By DOROTHY SCHNEIDER

Did you ever think you had him,
Just as sure as sure could be,
To discover that—instead
You'd lost him for eternity?
That's what happened here. He's disappeared.
That pesky little cuss!
'Tho a hundred times I've shot him—
That hippopotamus!

* * * *

Phew! I'm delirious!



THE SILENT SLUGGER

Part II

By MARTIN G. BROSS

The bootleggers, now in flivvers, raced across the desert. They had kidnapped a child, an ant-hill, and another case. The Babylonian dry agents were in close pursuit. The rum-runners, having despaired of escaping, finally concentrated with all their minds to form a mirage of water out there in the burning sands. This accomplished, they concentrated some more and had their har-rassers drown in the fake lake.

Then they grinned their nasty grins, wound up their canneries and sped off on three cylinders to the Gardens of India. Unknown to them, the Silent Slugger, killer from Mesopotamia, was at that very moment skating over Iceland with his tubulars.

(To be continued)

I'm bumping my head on the Leviathan! Ah!

UNDER THE MOUNTAINS

By HELGA FEDDERSEN

There I greet,
In evening, morning numbers,
The sons of Jove.
Beneath the rocks
In crags of hilly white,
Increasing numbers
Flow in streams of milky red,
And there the treasures
Subterranean,
Of under-ground brooklets,
Flit thru the caverns fair.
The sons of Jove
Row silently,
And thru the tunnels
Speed the airy craft.
At last the cavern opes
And thru the open light
Come down the falls,
And I in joy leap out of sight.

I'm riding in a Weequahic bus! (Some torture!)

BLEATING BLOSSOMS

By AUSTIN HENRY

And in the vineyards of California bloom many pink and white blossoms. The air is rich with their scents, and now John and Mary often go there in the twilight to pluck the bleating things.

And then the smacks fly! Ooh! I'm on the

guillotine!

This year, queer fact, there are some seniors in the school. Well, frankly, I don't see how you'll ever pass. What the editor says here is a lot of bunk.

EDITORIAL

By THE EDITOR

Think of the great throngs of idlers in contrast to the happy few with thoro educations. Do your best now, boys and girls, especially you seniors, for he who graduates has sipped of the cup of Elysian attainment. I just know that you'll all graduate! Here's wishing you success.

To have such a thing! Oh! Well, it's a space-filler, anyhow. "Elysian attainment!" Bah! Such highbrow stuff. Don't bother with that would-be advice and stay back blissfully.

I'm falling in a lake!

Athletics are getting better;
Personals are almost mirth-provoking;
Alumni Notes and Exchanges give too much credit and praise;
Therefore we'll leave them all out this time

Article by E. ZADUB

Hope is foolish. Don't be so dumb as to hope. The more you hope the less you get. Hope is built on an unstable foundation. To fear is much better than to hope, as in the former case you know what you're doing anyway. Hope is naught! Fear is all!

Good! I'm swallowing chewing-gum!

DUMERICKS

By LESTER SPIEL

There's a fellow named Arlie T. Sloke,
And he is an awful dumb bloke.
When he goes to school
He does only fool
Some day, boys, I hope he does choke.

This boy's name is Lucifer Flivver,
Trouble he's had with his liver.
They say round the town,
With many a frown,
That they'll soon throw him into the river

Good work, Lester! I'm in the lunch line
(More torture!)

(Continued on Page 113)

Camp Pontoosuc Camp Wahconah

FOR BOYS

FOR GIRLS

4th YEAR

**In-The-Berkshires
at Pittsfield, Mass.**

State roads direct to Camp. Hotel accomodations for parents.



Seniors and Senior Faculty

Archery taught, Jewelry work
Dancing, Dramatics, Arts and Crafts
Tennis, Golf, Baseball, Basketball, Volley Ball
Hand Ball, Swimming and Life Saving

Administrative Director and Business Manager

Alfred R. Jayson, B.S., M.S.

42 Goodwin Avenue

Newark, N. J.

Terrace 6255

Mr. Jayson has been connected with the Newark High Schools for 11½ Years



RUSSOMANNO & FRANCIS BEAUTY SALON

Specialists in the Art of Permanent Hair Waving and Its After Care
Make your appointment now.

**Hair Tinting, Marcel Waving, and All Branches of Beauty Service
Expertly Done**

For Artistic Work, Visit Us

H. J. Russomanno, for 6 years with L. Bamberger & Co.
Miss Henrikson, Miss Blackburn, and Miss Messer, all of L. Bamberger & Co., now here.

Miss Nevenhoff, of Madame Pauline's, also here.

945 BROAD STREET

(Above Schary's Dress Shoppe)

Phone for Appointment

Telephone Mitchell 2260

Phone Waverly 3931

OMAHA BEEF CO.

LEO ROTHSCCHILD, Prop.

PRIME MEATS

Fresh Killed Poultry

Phone Orders

Free Delivery

80½ CLINTON PLACE

A Complete Line of Radio
Artistic Lighting Fixtures

SWANSON & STEHLI GENERAL ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS

Light and Power Specialists

**715 SPRINGFIELD AVE.
Newark, N. J.**

Phone Waverly 8973



Puritan Is the Ice
Cream of Quality.
Its Purity and
Goodness make it
the most welcome
ice cream in every
home.

Serve Some Today!

PURITAN

NEWARK'S FAMOUS

ICE-CREAM

Old-fashioned Home-made
Ice Cream for Everybody

Phone Terrace 2262

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"
On Commencement Night

CLINTON FLORIST

Fresh Cut Flowers On Hand
For All Occasions

Orders Promptly Filled and
Delivered

218A CLINTON AVE.
Newark, N. J.

THE PESSIMIST

(Continued from Page 110)

Arthur L. Egy has the floor.

Yes, folks, I have the floor, but I'm not the
kind of a guy 'at 'ud take it up, ya know, an' go
away witit. Cuz I got me own manners even if
I ain't got a nawful lotta grammar an' 'at high-
low stuff. Speakin' a' dat I 'ohnt see why ya
gotta study all dat stuff—an' whattya get. Well,
ya 400 or so or dat bunch says ye're a success!
I can! An' ey gotta cheek ta call a 'spectable
guy like me a failure! If 'at's da case, it's good
't be a failure, huh? Cuz, looka me. I write
dis intresting ting an' yez is all happy an' believe
an' ye see ye never nced grammar er nottin'.
I'm da wisest guy in seven counties outsid
grammar enat stuff. I tink so mesel'. Darefor
I'm what da highbrow ud call a successful failure.
Be like me, guys. Ya see how it is wit' me. Be
a failure an' you're a success—'at's me motto.

* * * *

Failures! Ah! I'm sinking in quicksand!

* * * *

EDITORIAL

By THE EDITOR

Sometimes the articles in this very magazine
irritate me exceedingly. They seem to get in
my way. Now brace up, students, and work

for the night is—er, I mean work, for the exams
are coming. Work hard, be punctual, and be
courteous. Courtesy always pays. It is silly to
fail and fall by the wayside when it is so easy
to succeed if you but try hard enough. If at
first you don't succeed, try again, anyhow.

* * * *

Such an editorial! How baleful! How pernicious!
How hurtful, scathful, baneful, harmful,
deleterious, abominable, noxious, detrimental, full
of mischief, malefic, malignant, noxious, noisome,
disserviceable, disadvantageous, prejudicial, wide-
wasting, unlucky, sinister, obnoxious, untoward,
disastrous, oppressive, burdensome, onerous, ma-
lign, corrupting, virulent, venomous, envenomed,
corrosive, poisonous, deadly, destructive, inaus-
picious, bad, ill, arrant, dreadful, horrid, horrible,
dire, rank, gross, peccant, foul, fulsome, vile, base,
villainous, mean, evil, wrong, depraved, and ill-
contrived!

To say nothing of how unsatisfactory, wretched,
deplorable, lamentable, shocking, reprehensible,
cursed, confounded, infernal, diabolical, bitter,
spiteful, caustic, harsh, mordacious, and unbenign,
that grinding, galling editorial is!

(Continued on Page 123)



*Whether you consider it
as a confection or as a food,
Sterling Ice Cream
stands unsurpassed. It is
well balanced*

Sterling Ice Cream

Delightfully Delicious

ROSENBLATT & ROSEN

Wholesale Fruit and Produce

will move to their own place in the

NEW MARKET at 203 Wright Street,
on May 1, 1925

Phone Market 2353

United Electrical Supply Co., Inc.

Jobbers in

Electrical Supplies and Fixtures

Radio Sets and Parts

Distributor for Edison Mazda Lamps

**268 MARKET STREET
Newark, N. J.**

Phone Waverly 5077

CLINTON PLACE GARAGE

SAMUEL GUNTHER, Prop.

Storing and Repairing

Automobile Accessories and Vulcanizing

Batteries Recharged on Premises

Work Guaranteed

Open Day and Night

100-102-104 CLINTON PLACE

**Near Clinton Avenue
Newark, N. J.**

Phone Us

We Deliver

Mulberry 5096

RELIABLE DRUG STORE SERVICE

Quality Merchandise

Reasonable Prices

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Singer's Avon Pharmacy

**191 AVON AVENUE
Corner Bergen Street
Newark, N. J.**



THE OPTIMIST



Phone Waverly 0823

FRED DENK

Grocer and Butcher

891-893 BERGEN STREET

Phone Bigelow 1258

Labruzzo's Beauty Shoppe

Special for the Season

Manicuring, Shampoo, Marcel Waving,
and Mud Pack, \$2.00

JASPER'S SUPERIOR BARBER SHOP

Professional Hair Bobbing

45 WATSON AVENUE

Between Belmont Ave. and Hillside Ave.

Beauty Parlor on Second Floor

Open From 7 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Phone Terrace 3839

Established 1910

ROBERT McCLORRY

Slate, Tile and Asbestos Roofing

European Slate and Tile Roofing a
Specialty; Slating Over Shingles

Office and Yard

390 ELIZABETH AVENUE
Newark, N. J.

Established Since 1909

WEISFELD

DEPARTMENT STORE

**The Biggest Store in Your
Community**

112 ELIZABETH AVENUE

SENIOR EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 27)

... have but begun. Those who started without the education we have received had to wrest their knowledge from the rough pages of experience. We have gained ours by the written experience of others—books. We are started in the race with all advantages. But we must remember we are only started. Knowledge may not be the same to any of us from here on but we must be ever ready with a receptive mind if we are to make good use of this fine start. It is but a foundation, the barest skeleton of what we will be and yet how strongly it will influence the trend of our whole lives.

There are always those who insist that schools are not what they used to be, the country is going to the dogs, and the whole world is generally declining. We are the answer to the arguments of such. We are the products of their decaying schools and yet we are, in fair proportion, a group of well balanced, sane young minds. Our most education has given us our opportunity to soar with the eagle or to sink to the level of the commonplace. On the whole, we have been rounded out, developed and molded along set lines. What we missed was our fault and we

can leave South Side with thanks and sorrow, thanks to our principal Dr. Kennedy, our adviser Mr. Myers, and our teachers, and sorrow to leave the scene of our happiest, most carefree hours. Then let the bitter cynics mock, for they only say we are ~~not what~~ graduates used to be in the good old days. And is not this said every year?

Teacher in Physics, explaining theory of molecular motion of gases: After this gas jet is turned on, any student who smells the gas, please raise his hand.

Thirty seconds elapsed and a hesitant hand arose.

Sara Konel: I smell it, teacher.

Teacher: You have a good imagination, Sara, *I haven't turned the gas on.*

Teacher: Did you understand the last problem?

Bella Kussy: Yes, sir.

Teacher: Well, do the next.

Bella Kussy: I can't.

Teacher (to another student): Did you understand the last problem?

J. Litwin (wisely): No!



An Opportunity for South Side Students

THE LASSER MOTOR COMPANY, 122 Branford Place, Newark, WILLYS-KNIGHT AND OVERLAND DEALERS, has several openings in its sales department for young, ambitious men who desire to learn the automobile business, and advance according to their merit and ability.

It offers to South Side graduates an unlimited opportunity. Those accepted will be placed in charge of experienced salesmen who will acquaint them with all the details and methods of the automobile business.

The same opportunity is offered by the AUTOMATIC OIL HEATING COMPANY, factory representatives of the KLEENHEET Oil Burning Systems for this territory. Young men will be trained in the oil heating business, which is one of the essentials of modern life, since it deals with homes and factories and their attendant heating problems. Coal is absolutely eliminated by this new way, and heating is secured immediately and in just the right amount "at the flick of a finger."

It is a business which is making great strides and offers unrivalled opportunities for advancement.

Any young man interested in the automobile business will address a letter to Mr. Joseph Fittin, Salesmanager, of the Lasser Motor Company, stating his age, qualifications, and other necessary data, and for those interested in the oil heating business, a letter should be addressed to Mr. William Donaldson, Salesmanager of the Automatic Oil Heating Company, setting forth the necessary information.

Telephone Mulberry 0307

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

WILBUR C. CRELIN

Sporting Goods

GOLF — TENNIS

Room 61, Proctor Theatre Building

116 MARKET STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

Discount to South Side Students

PARTING MESSAGES OF SOME SOUTH SIDERS

(Continued from Page 29)

minutes previous, arrived. He worked his way through the crowd and beheld me, the center of the commotion, feebly crying: "No messages—please."

In a few seconds I was placed on a stretcher and the ambulance clanged merrily on its way.

My message to South Siders: "Let well enough alone; and when you think you want to do something different, don't do it."

AFTER A TEST

After a chemistry test, several students, including Norman Dorfman, Daniel Armento, Helga Addersen, Kenneth Wyckoff, Daniel Klein, and Edward Huberman began moaning, "Oh, I've flunked, I've flunked." In the midst of the noise, the teacher's voice rang out, "Come now, no more post-mortems."

CONNOTATIONS

Wether: According to Hoyle, mild. According to Hymowitz, same as last week.

J. Feldmann: I very seldom fall, did you ever notice that?

R. Fleischer: Yeah, I'll bet I know why!

Jack: Why?

Ruth: Because there is so much of you on the ground already!

"Good Lord," said the unhappy husband, as his mother in law was struck by lightning.

Senior (to second senior, standing in front of room): Is your home room teacher in a good mood today? I want him to change this 6 to a 7 so I can graduate.

Second senior: Sure, he feels pretty good.

(First senior enters room but returns glowering fiercely): Hcy, I thought you said he was in a good mood. He felt so grouchy that he refused pointblank!

Second senior: Well, I didn't say this was my home room.

Emil Stefany: Hurrah! I've discovered that ink is an acid!

Sid Grodman: Why, how do you know that?

Emil: Doesn't ink turn red litmus blue?



Telephone Waverly 7717

Michael Stefany

MASON and GENERAL CONTRACTOR

238 to 246 FABYAN PLACE

NEWARK, N. J.

Commerce Trucks ARE GOOD TRUCKS

Agency: 244 CENTRAL AVE.

Service Station: 175 BERGEN ST.

Good Furs Make Warm Friends

HARRY H. HERTZ CO.

Incorporated

Manufacturing Furriers

37 WEST 28th STREET
New York

HARRY H. HERTZ,
President

CHARLES P. RUTKIN,
Treasurer

Henshaw Floral Co., Inc.

WHOLESALE FLORISTS

80 NEW STREET

Newark, N. J.

Phones Mulberry 4858 and 4859

Buying on Price Alone is a Dangerous Pastime

Since 1906 we have enjoyed the reputation for making better kind of Lighting Effects, and we are at all times keeping apace with the marvelously rapid growth and development of the Lighting Fixture Industry. Our "1925" line of Lighting Equipment we are producing is one of the most complete and truly individual line of its kind on the market.

Our Designs Are All Patented

G. & G. Lighting Fixture Co.

Factory and Main Showroom
247 Market St. Newark, N. J.
 New York Showroom
286 Fifth Ave. New York City

OUR VARSITY CLUB

(Continued from Page 64)

On reviewing facts, what does this show? It is not difficult; the little fellow playing ball on the sand lots could tell you. It is too evident and too embarrassing for us to print the answer, which at any rate must be clear to every one. But, there is no need for turning back after we have gone thus far. Our Committee of Athletics, tho having been disappointed once, have not lost hope. In fact, they immediately set Friday, April 24, as the date of the next meeting; our own auditorium as the place; and the conclusion of the Bach-Beethoven Concert as the time.

South Side block "S" holders, do you want the Varsity Club?

From the way things are progressing in Room 210, it seems that a certain pair will end at the altar.

Talking being restricted in the library, Miriam Friedman, I think, has an ideal way of fording the gap by the sign language.

In the library, one day, I saw a senior reading the "Children's Page" in a magazine. It made me wonder if we seniors will ever grow too old for bedtime tales

ASSEMBLY OF APRIL 14

(Continued from Page 66)

We were then informed that "Kindness to Animal Week" was to be celebrated during the week of April 13 to 19. This week is especially interesting to South Siders as it is aiming, above all, for kindness to *dumb* animals. Here is a golden opportunity for our faculty to shine. None of us, we hope, need have any fear of getting sixes during that week, for surely it would be violating the above mentioned principle.

Edward Huberman next announced the debates which were to be held at Atlantic City High School and at South Side.

Edmond Taylor explained the method of voting in the election of the junior commissioners for Boys' Week. The assembly concluded with the singing of "The Little Brown Church," the boys coming in very strong on the part "Come, come, come, come, etc., etc."

If Ella Guttman would take her head out of her books maybe we would be able to see how she looks.

According to the antics of certain seniors, a stranger would think they were just released from the zoo.



Phone Waverly 8695

SHAPOW'S

Delicatessen

Famous South Side H. S. Sandwiches

124½ ELIZABETH AVENUE

Phone 6254 Mitchell

MURRAY APFELBAUM, Inc.

Leasing Specialists

169 MARKET STREET
Corner Broad Street
Newark, N. J.

Phone Terrace 3228

DORA KOLBERT

Dress Shop

Coats and Wraps

512 CLINTON AVENUE
Newark, N. J.

Phone Humbolt 0906

E. WALSH JAPANING CO.

ARTHUR HILL, Manager

**Job Japaning of Anything Made
of Metal**

127-129 OGDEN STREET
Newark, N. J.

HARDWARE

RADIO

**American Hardware
Stores Inc.**

62 MARKET STREET

Newark, N. J.

Phones Mulberry 0391 and 0392

S. S. Voorhees & Sons

Hilton, N. J.

**EASTER AND
CHRISTMAS PLANTS**

To the Trade Only

Compliments of

KNASTER SHOPS

Millinery and Dresses

519 CLINTON AVENUE

ATTENTION!

Fraternities and Sororities Needing Funds
Money quickly obtained thru Candy Sale
All brands supplied you at wholesale.
Any amounts on consignment.

ROBT. A. FUNGER, Jr.

32 N. ARLINGTON AVE.
East Orange

AMERICAN TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

360 WASHINGTON ST.

DANIEL FRIEDMAN

Men's and Young Men's
High Grade Clothes

250 MARKET STREET

MYSTIC PEN

(Continued from Page 77)

Senior, and her habitat is South Side. Yes, indeed, she has

Helga Feddersen's hair,
Beatrice Haas' eyes,
Mildred Stein's nose,
Ida Frank's smile,
Anita Krueger's height,
Minnie Klingel's speaking ability,
Peggy Aronson's popularity.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER

"Number, please."

"Columbus 1492."

"Columbus 1492, sir?"

"Opposite of no in three letters."

Buzz—Buzz

"A horizontal in five letters meaning greetings to you."

"Is this a four letter word meaning a flower put in a dead man's hand?"

"Yes, this is Lily. Is this a four letter word meaning something you never have in your pocket?"

"Yes. This is Jack. But do be careful of your verticals."

"How's my three letter word meaning something squirrels go after?"

"Fine. And how is my three letter word meaning it comes out of trees and buys oil stocks?"

"What!! Go to a four letter word meaning a warm place."

* * * *

It's great to graduate. But we can't pass examinations if we spend all our time writing junk like this. So, good-by till next month—maybe

QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Dear Editor—What company uses the ad "Good to the last drop?"

A.—The Ingersoll Watch Company.

Dear Editor—What do you call a man who owns an auto?

A.—That depends on how close he comes to hitting me

Dear Editor—How can I get more distance on my radio?

A.—B wins. But A is absolutely right.



ROBERT JAMES FLORIST

Cut Flowers for Banquets,
Weddings and Funerals Constantly
on Hand

Floral Designs a Specialty

259 SOUTH 11th STREET
Cor. Twelfth Avenue

Phone 7819 Market

Phone Waverly 7364

Compliments of

RELIABLE FUR MFG. CO.

JACK RUTIZ, Prop.

407 SPRINGFIELD AVE.
Newark, N. J.

Mulberry 4645

Market 1536

STEIN FLOWER SHOP

Flowers for All Occasions

Say It With Flowers

PUBLIC SERVICE TERMINAL BLDG.
Newark, N. J.

Phone Terrace 0135

PULLMAN BREAD

"Certainly is Good"

Weber Baking Company
Quality Bakers

IRVINGTON, N. J.

Junior League Inter-Club Matinees

Weequahic Park

June 29 and 30, and July 1
Under the auspices of the

Road Horse Ass'n of New Jersey



GIFTS That Last

It is hardly necessary to say that
GRADUATION
is always welcome to everyone.

JEWELRY

is a very appropriate gift, because of
its lasting remembrance.

You will find in **Bertl's** Jewelry
Shop, a splendid selection of gifts
for every size pocketbook. Prices
most reasonable. Quality high.

46 Springfield Avenue
Newark, N. J.



THE ELKAY COMPANY

Newark's School Supply House for
Graduation Rings and Pins

Medals and Trophies

Souvenirs of All Kinds for Banquets,
Proms and Games
Clubs and Fraternities May Secure Our
Circular by Request

20 BRANFORD PLACE
Newark, N. J.

Phone Terrace 1379

R. REINGOLD'S

Delicatessen and Lunch Room
Cigars, Cigarettes and Confectionery
A Full Line of Dairy Products

273 ELIZABETH AVE.
Newark, N. J.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Phone 2224 Market

FREDERICK J. FISCHER

General Insurance

207 MARKET STREET
Newark, N. J.

THE ROYAL

Boot Polishing and Hat Cleaning
Parlor

JACKSON, Manager

Seats Reserved for Ladies
Work Guaranteed

87A ELIZABETH AVENUE

THE PESSIMIST

(Continued from Page 113)

I challenge the editor to a duel, small tho she

* * * *

I'm in an electric chair, in the gallows, in a
ank of burning oil! Oh! Oh! Oh!

* * * *

We will end up this issue with a real article—
an article that looks on the north side of life,
and written by a man who looks on the north
side of life. (He's an Eskimo.)

Therefore let us introduce Aba Daba Eye with

Outlook on Life

Well, folks, I was born up north and have
always lived there, but I came down the states in
my eleventh year, my family having been kicked
out of igloo and wigwam between the landlord
and the lawyers.

I sat down in Central Park, idling away, for
I'm a firm believer in the right of laziness and
the good points of failure as against success. I
don't believe in work—wouldn't work on a bet.

Suddenly a golden chariot, full of gold, and
drawn by golden horses, ran over one of my san-
dals. I jumped up, hopped in, and let the horses
have free rein. They seemed like Coolidge's
horse for a while, just rocking there, but then
mechanically they drew me to a house of gold,
furnished with gold, and filled with nectar and
foods of Elysian sweetness. There was a golden
car in a golden garage, and—well, everything
was gold except the foods. It had King Midas
skinned from seven to twenty nine different ways.
I well, then a cop hit me over the head and I
had to move on.

Sure it was a dream, but if that's failure, let
me have it. All life is a dream, anyhow. Ho,
hum! Well, see you again.

—Aba Daba Eye.

* * * *

That was fine! Good stuff, Aba! I'm drinking
H₂SO₄!



Compliments of

S. & H. REALTY CO.

Samuel Herman

Herbert Herman

Compliments of

GOLD SEAL CAKE CO.

Phone 2089 Mulberry

H. R. JACKSON

Electrical Contractor

**326 PRUDENTIAL BUILDING
Newark, N. J.**

Compliments of

Rittersbacher Hardware Co.

Phone Waverly 5099

Universal Tailoring Co.

Cleaners and Dyers

**451 HAWTHORNE AVE.
Newark, N. J.**



THE OPTIMIST



Phone 4366 Terrace

For Commencement Night

"Say It With Flowers"

DAVID ROTHSTEIN

Hawthorne Flower Shop

Floral Designs and Cut Flowers

126 CLINTON PLACE
Newark, N. J.

Employees of

M. RUTKIN

Compliments of

Manufacturers Distributing Co.

291 BROADWAY

New York City

Compliments of

Newark Lighting Fixture Co.

254 MARKET STREET

Teacher (Discussing the equality of men and women in factories): Other things being equal, which do you favor, a man or a woman as an employee?

Mildred Warner: I favor the women in factories because men as a rule do not advance as the factory advances, but when the factory expands the women expand also.

Teacher (Discussing Blake's Introduction to the Songs of Innocence): This is very childish, who wishes to read it?

The Class: ??? (no answer).

Teacher: With no insinuation, Anita Krueger, please read it.

First Senior: What is a synonym for "me."

Second Senior: Monkey.

Fat: This letter is from a girl who has never seen me

Ken: There's nothing wonderful about that; here's a letter from a girl who has seen me!

"We had a fine sunrise this morning. Did you see it?"

"Sunrise? Why I'm always in bed before sunrise!"

Compliments of

"THE PALMORES, Inc."



J. J. CURLEY

367 SOUTH ORANGE AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J.

I Specialize in
Class Rings and Pins
Waltham and Elgin Watches

**NO FEAR
OF TEACHER
SENDING HER
HOME**



Because KIL-VE is Used on Her Head

KIL-VE is a vermin destroyer.
KIL-VE kills the live vermin and positively destroys the
eggs or nits that cling to the hair.
KIL-VE is not only or sticky and is easily applied.
KIL-VE does not interfere with the color or growth of the
hair.
KIL-VE is a household necessity. Don't be ashamed to
ask for it.

Sold at All Drug Stores, 35c, 65c and \$1.25.

**SCHWARZ'S
KIL-VE**

DESTROYS VERMIN ON CHILDREN'S HEADS



THE OPTIMIST



Compliments of

**LOTTA EMMERGLICK
MADELINE EPSTEIN
CAROLINE HELD
MARIAN LEAVITT
SELDA LEWIS
FLORENCE RACHLIN**

Compliments of

S. Robert Schwartz & Bro.

Compliments of

**PHILIP SPIES
951 Broad St.**

Compliments of

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Muehlfelder

Compliments of

**HARRY ROTHBERG
and Family**

Compliments of

**Mr. JOSEPH ROTHBERG
and Family**

Compliments of

J. ROTHBERG



THE OPTIMIST



Phones Market 9802 and 1230

Compliments of

Herman B. J. Weckstein

Counsellor-at-Law

Lawyers Building

164 MARKET STREET

Newark, N. J.

Compliments of

Mr. MAX ROTHBERG

and Family

Compliments of

HARRY GERSTEN

UNION BUILDING

Newark, N. J.

Compliments of

Mr. and Mrs. CHAS. LEVY

Compliments of

GROSKEN & MORIARTY

Compliments of

Mr. & Mrs. A. RUTKIN

Compliments of

CHAS. KRIEGER

and Family

Compliments of

A FRIEND



THE OPTIMIST



Compliments of

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Herman

Compliments of

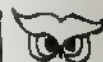
SOL. FURST

Compliments of

ROOM 60

Compliments of

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Herman



Care and Precision

You Must Exercise Both If You Would Become Proficient In
Your Studies

Care and Precision

Is Our Rule In The Making of All Engravings
It Is The Secret of Our Success

DAY and NIGHT SERVICE

The **ESSEX ENGRAVING CO.**

Photo Engravers

44 BRANFORD PLACE, NEWARK

Compliments of

A FRIEND

COMPLIMENTS OF

BUMPTY



THE OPTIMIST



Compliments of

MAURICE SCHLESINGER

CAMEO RESTAURANT AND BAKERY

Fancy Pastries Home Cooking

Reasonable Prices

75 ELIZABETH AVENUE

Compliments of

HAWTHORNE PHARMACY

410 HAWTHORNE AVE.

Compliments of

JOS. STAIR

202 MARKET STREET

Compliments of

LOUIS LAPOW

The Weequahic Merchant Tailor

Compliments of

IRA J. KATCHEN

Compliments of

KRAEMER AND SIEGLER

Compliments of

IRVING SIEGLER

164 MARKET STREET

I think it would be a surprize to a certain Latin teacher if Joseph Marzel should know his Latin twice in succession.

Compliments of

DAVID FELDMESSER

Walter Gast (translating a French passage):
After having taken my bath I — er —

French Teacher (trying to help him along):
Well, what do you do after you have a bath?

Walter Gast (confidently): Oh—I dry myself.

The passage was supposed to have read: "I
dress myself."

Compliments of

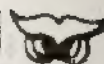
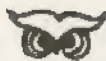
ISADORE KRUIGER

and Family

Marjorie: If you'll excuse me a minute I'll put
on my percolator and we'll have lunch.

Gerald: Oh, don't go to all that trouble. You
look good enough in just what you have on.

—Balance Sheet.



Telephone Market 8070

M. RUTKIN

ELECTRICAL FIXTURES
For Up-to-Date Houses

259 Market Street

Newark, N. J.

The William Herman Studios of Singing



43 JOHNSON AVENUE
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
Telephone Market 0009

Instruction in every phase of the Singers' Art;
Particularly concerned in the development of beginners.

Complete repertoire work and coaching for opera.

Special Summer Course

Under the personal direction of Mr. William Herman,
operatic tenor of the United States Grand Opera Company,
Master of Arts, Cornell Univ. and Columbia.

Audition and Tuition Rates on Application to Secretary.

CASTLE'S ICE CREAM

PURER

because

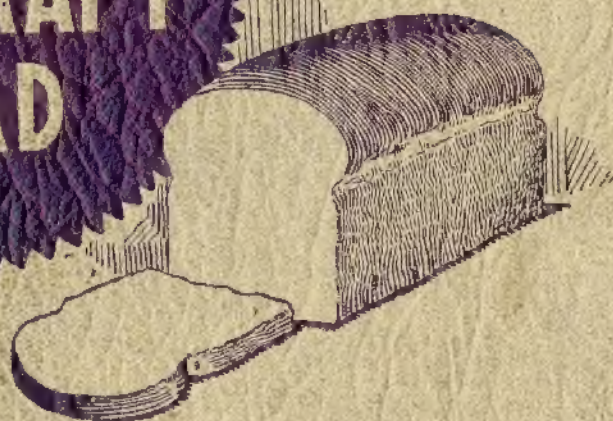
HEATHIZED

Printing Promptly Properly

COLBY & MCGOWAN, Inc.
1201 Chestnut Street
Elizabeth, N. J.

HILL'S HOME CRAFT BREAD

TRY ALSO
HILL'S
FAMOUS
RYE
Your Grocer
Has Both



"If every woman on the street
Should make a loaf of bread,
They wouldn't be the same at all,"
The Master Baker said.
"Some loaves would burn and some
would fall,
And some would not be good.
Though each one used the self-same
flour
And did the best she could."

That's the beauty of Hill's Home Craft Bread—every loaf is uniformly good, day in and day out.

And the reason is three-fold. First, the ingredients are the purest and best obtainable. Second, they're combined just right—and painstakingly tested. No guesswork. Third, every loaf is baked at a uniform temperature by expert bakers.

The result is a REAL TREAT! The inside is tender, light and keeps fresh longer. The crisp, golden-brown crust just melts in the mouth. Every slice cuts evenly, no matter how thin—which makes it ideal for sandwiches.

Growing children require the best—and we honestly believe there is none better than Hill's Home Craft, backed by the fifty-year-old quality reputation of its bakers.

Hill Bread Co., 620 Market St., Newark

